THE
Unfortunate Usurper.

A

TRAGEDY.

Ad Generum Cereris sine cæde & vulnere pauci
Descendunt — & siccâ morte tyranni. Juvenal.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, MDCLXIII.

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To his honoured and highly esteemed Friend, Mr. *Edward Umfreville.*

SIR,

Have read that Lucilius *(one, who in his time, had the repute of a learned Person) was wont to say, That he would not have his Writings read or perused either by Learned or Illiterate Readers; because the former might have a more clear notion and conception of things than himself; the latter understood nothing. If I should, in the Front of this Book, affix this as my own Opinion, my exposing it to publick view would give me the Lye, and tell me my Pen and Thoughts move not in a parallel Line; it being no lesse ridiculous to assert that the Sun (shining in his high Meridian) may lye conceal'd from our eyes; than that a Book, once publish'd, should not find Readers of all ranks and degrees of men: I shall not therefore pin my Faith wholly on the sleeve of* Lucilius, *but assume the confidence to be of a different Opinion from him; and insert this Petition into my Litany, That I may meet with learned and judicious Readers,* Ignorance *being the onely Enemy that I can fear; which usually does, like some Birds, who sitting upon a Tree, foul all the good fruit, and dishonour it, that it may be unfit for food; and its breath (like an Eastern wind) breeds Caterpillars where e're it comes, which con-*

sume the prime Fruits of the Tree of Knowledge; and is wrackt with perpetual throws and pangs, till she is delivered of Detraction her eldest Daughter, whose pestilent nature it is and ever hath been, to raise the Pyramids and Trophies of her own glory, upon the Ruines and Rubbish of the Reputation of others; and her frequent breathings forth of contumelious and opprobrious Speeches against true worth and desert, (like so many impure exhalations) cloud and obscure the lustre of the most commendable and glorious action; it being (as my Lord Verulam *has well observed) infallibly true,* That he that hath no virtue himself, ever envieth virtue in others, for mens minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others evil, and who wanteth one, will prey upon the other, and whoso is out of hope to attain to anothers virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing it with black mouth'd obloquy and detraction. *With these (as with evil* genii*) the most learned and deserving men have ever bin haunted, and as dark shadows do not lesse attend beautiful than deformed Bodies in brightest Sun shine; So, as well the best men as their best actions, are still waited on by (those brats of Ignorance or Malice) detraction and calumnies. For the confirming the truth whereof, I shall need no further to search the Rolls of Antiquity, than to look back upon those times, in which,* (Johnson *that Son of wit*)

did

did by the clear and piercing rayes of his wit and judgment, dissipate all mists of Ignorance, and Reform the Errors of the Stage; and yet, though he shin'd so bright in His Horizon, were there not wanting some barren clods of dull Earth, who, being uncapable of receiving the least ray of wit themselves from his quickning influence, as (Niobe preferr'd her own earthly brood before Apollo and Diana the celestial Twins of Latona) dar'd prefer the spurious Issues of their own Brain before this great Apollo, and endeavour to eclipse the glory of his heavenly endowments; but with how bad successe they attempted it, his incomparable Play (the Poetaster) made in derision of them, sufficiently declares. And although like a petty inconsiderable Star, I could not expect to be taken notice of in the presence of that glorious Sun, nor dare to entertain such high conceptions of my self, as to hope to be named with him; yet, I'le take the confidence to declare to the World, that though my weak abilities can hold no proportion with those rich gifts of Nature of which he was Master, yet I can glory I resemble him in this, that I am assaulted with the Ignorance of partial and prejudicial Readers, who have bespattered with the blackest Obloquy they can, a Piece lately publisht by me; which, because it lookt upon all with an impartial Eye, and (remote from servile flattery) spar'd not neerest Relations, taxing not their Persons, but their Vices, is hated for speaking truth, and kickt by those gall'd Camells

whom

Whom it toucht to the quick, whose anger I as much scorn as pity. And as I am a Votary to be rescu'd from those who look upon my Writings thorough the false Glasse of detraction and envy; So Jove deliver me from (those Traytors to true Friendship) fawning and cringing Flatterers, whose expressions swell up the Cheeks of Fame with recesses of praises of the Person they speak of, and thereby proclaim to the World the defect of their own capacities; and by praising beyond Reason, seem either to disparage those they make the Subjects of their Commendation, or mock themselves, or those that hear 'em. Now (Sir) (that I may address my self to a Person to whom both these extreams are Strangers, and give you an acknowledgment of those Obligations you have laid upon me, which are so great and numerous, they make me despair of a sufficient Compensation) I have Dedicated this Piece, and with it my self wholly to You, making the same Request to You (Pliny once did to his Friend Paternus) that what You intend to speak to others of my Book, You would say the same to him, who is

Your much obliged and
Devoted Servant.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

The Scene CONSTANTINOPLE.

Alexius Comnenus only Son of *Manuel*, whom he ſucceeded in the Empire of *Conſtantinople*.
Protoſebaſtus, ſecond husband to the Empreſſe-Mother *Xene*.
Andronicus Comnenus, a Prince of the blood, baniſht by *Manuel*, who was afterwards the Unfortunate Uſurper.
Iſaacius Angelus, Succeſſor to *Andronicus*, but one who had a truer Title to the Empire.
Manuel, ſecond Son to *Andronicus*.
Conte-Stephanus the great Duke, Admiral of the Galleys.
Theodorus, a Religious Patriarch.
Baſilius, one who was unworthy of that ſacred name (Biſhop) which he had.
Trypſicus Conſtantinus, *Mamulus*, *Ducas*, *Lapardas*, } Grecian Lords.
Hagio Chriſtopherites, a Captain.
Amphoreus, Tutor to the Emperor *Alexius*.
Seth, a Conjurer.
Damon.
Xene, the Empreſs Dowager, who, after *Manuel's* death, Married *Protoſebaſtus* a voluptuous Epicure.
Maria Caſariſſa, Daughter to *Manuel*.

Court-Ladies. *Citizens.*
Souldiers. *Blades.*

Drammatis Personæ.

The Scene CONSTANTINOPLE.

ALexius Comnenus only Son of Manuel, whom he succeeded in the Empire of Constantinople

Protosebastus, second husband to the Empress-Mother Xene.

Andronicus Comnenus, a Prince of the blood, banisht by Manuel, who was afterwards the Unfortunate Usurper.

Isaacius Angelus, Successor to Andronicus, but one who had a truer Title to the Empire.

Manuel, second Son to Andronicus.

Conte Stephanus the great Duke, Admiral of the Galleys.

Theodorus, a Religious Patriarch.

Basilius, one who was unworthy of that sacred name (Bishop) which he had.

Trypsicus Constantinus, Manulus, Ducas, Lapardas, } Grecian Lords.

Hagio Christophorites, a Captain.

Amphoreus, Tutor to the Emperor Alexius.

Seth, a Conjurer.

Demon.

Xene, the Empress Dowager, who, after Manuel's death, Married Protosebastus a voluptuous Epicure.

Maria Cæsarissa, Daughter to Manuel.

Court-Ladies. Citizens.

Souldiers. Blades.

THE Unfortunate Usurper.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Protoſebaſtus, Xene.

Protoſeb.

That we the ſweetneſs of our pleaſure may enjoy
Without all moleſtations, bitter mixtures, 'twere not amiſs,
If care were taken that young *Alexius* be diſſolutely educated;
Wee'll either lay the reins upon his neck, and let him run
Uncurb'd and uncontrol'd his full career in vice: Or,
Which will ſooner ripen our deſign, let ſome debauched Tutor
Be procur'd, who can with ſpecious ſucuſes daub over
Vice, and repreſent it to him, trickt up with its alluring Gauderies,
And make him think it worthy his beſt Endeavors;
His years are yet ſpringing and young, and make him capable
Of all Impreſſions; and if the ſeeds of lewdneſs be planted in
His early Youth, they'll take deep root, and grow up
Vitious Habits in's elder years.

Xene. Thy care's anticipated (dear *Protoſebaſtus*)
I have committed him to ſuch a Tutor, whoſe
Wicked actions will ſpeak loud in young *Alexius*'s Eares, and prove
Such moving objects to his eye, that he muſt needs
Receive ſom tincture from 'um; He is a man

So rarely qualify'd for that employment, that he deserves
To be a Tutor to an Emperor;
Although his vast ambition were so great, that it would prompt
Him to affect the Title of Emperor of a World of
Vice. Smell-smock *Sardanapalus* would have given
The Moiety of his Kingdom to be his Pupil,
One of his Lectures has usually that influence
On their minds to whom 'tis read, that they become
Extempore Proselytes to his perswasions, and
Practical Observers of him, I'le warrant my *Alexius*
So well improv'd by his Endeavors,
That (like the Roman Emperor, who for's carouzing was
New Christen'd *Biberius*) hee'l think none fit to bear
An office in his Court, but those that bear their liquor bravely;
He'le think, that Victory will hover with her triumphant Plumes
Only about those Sons of *Mars*, who are
Invincible Drinkers as well as fighters, such as beat
Drawers instead of Drums, whereof, each common
Souldier may be an Enfign, carrying his Colours in
His Face, who discharge reckonings instead of Guns,
And are as much delighted with the harmonious noise
Of a Quart pot, as the report of a well-loaded Musket.

Protosch. How pleasant and harmonious sounds this news,
I'me turn'd all Ear at the Relation of it,
Now may we safely indulge our selves in genial pleasures,
And reap our Mariage-joyes with open freedom,
We'le lose our selves
In *Venus* shady Groves; now we are sure
Alexius will be brought unto our Lure.

Xen. Thou *Protosebastus* shall't be my active *Mars*, and I
Will be thy passive *Venus*, thou (like the *Roman* Emperor
Domitian) shall constitute a new *Clinopale*, which had
It's rise and name from frequent exercisings in
(*Cupid*'s camp) the Bed; we'le monopolize
All pleasures to our selves, and arm against ensuing
Miseries, by not vouchsafing them a thought, and if
(Which we'le ne're dream of) they surprize us
Wel'e solace and encourage one another with the thought

Of

Of all our former joyes, as indigent and baniſht *Marius*
Is ſtoried to have done, who baniſht grief out of
His mind by the remembrance of
His formerly acquir'd victorious Trophies:
Let ſorrow be a ſtranger to our breaſt, baniſht our Court;
A melancholy look in any face ſhall be a ſymptom
Of it's ruine; he that dares tap his eyes, and ſet them
Running, a Daggers point opens a Vein of's ſullen
Heart, to let out all that melancholly blood which
Caus'd his ſorrow.

Protoſeb. 'Twas ſpoken like an Empreſſe (Royal *Xene*)
Let that vile wretch, who ſullies our bright daies
With the leaſt ſigh, breath out his laſt; each man ſhall be
A merry *Democritus*, and alwaies laughing,
And each Lady ſhall wear that Epithet in her Face
The Poets gave to *Venus*, whom they ſtyl'd
Their *Smiling Goddeſſe*: A chearful countenance
Shall be reputed the Court faſhion.
And I'le ſo dedicate and addict my ſelf to thee
(My *Xene*) that I'le not brook one Minutes
Abſence from thee: I'le ſpend my thoughts, my ſtrength,
To do thee ſervice. Come let's retire to our Chamber, where,
Although before I fear'd thy voice like Thunder,
I will lye uppermoſt, my Empreſſe, under. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCENE 2.

Alexius the Emperor, *Amphoreus* his Tutor, two other carouſing Blades, Servants with Wine.

Alexius. Now Tutor ſhall you ſee what profit
I have reaped by your Lectures;
You told me once a Story of a *Roman* Emperor
That did prefer an Upſtart, born of obſcure Parents,
(Who then ſtood Candidate for the Prætorſhip)
Before ſome others of a nobler Birth,
For his carouzing off large Bowles of Liquor,
I'm now i'th' humour, and applaud that man

Who is of *Idomeneus*'s golden temper, whom valiant
Agamemnon did admire, because that, when the other
Grecians stinted themselves to such a quantity
Of Wine, yet he (like a true merry *Grecian*)
Was ne're without his brimer.
Let's celebrate Drunkenesse amongst our greatest
Festivals and Triumphs; let our Court Echo
With the melodious noises of Roaring Boyes,
Our Pavements swim with Wine, and our Walls grow damp
With the vast Floods and Torrents of our Liquor.

Amphor. Now does your Majesty speak like your self,
This was a Royal and Imperial strain,
And does encourage me to commence another Lecture
To you; Philosophers define, a *humid* body, thus,
*'Tis such which is not terminated by its self, but by
Another body.* Now to apply this to our selves;
So we, when we are th'roughly liquor'd, and our Bodies
Are become *Humid Bodies*, must not be terminated
By our selves, nor stand on our own legs,
But by another bodies help.

Alexius. Wee'l drink till we reel round the Circle
Of all wickednesse; like *Nero*, wee'l wear
No garment twice, and though we now
Swim in the golden streams of wealth, wee'l drink off
And exhaust 'um all; wee'l protract our loose
Revelling from noon till midnight;
And the red Rubies in our Faces (like Stars o' th'
Brightest Magnitude) shall give us light; and on the Morrow
Wee'l quaff off for our Mornings draught
As many Bowles of Liquor, as *Phœbus* drinks
Out of the Ocean, when he rises: Then wee'l have
A whole Seraglio of Buxom Wenches.

1. *Blade*, Yes (an't please your Majesty)
Wee'le have Wenches by all means,
And only read such Books as those, in which
The only letters are kisses printed on their lips,
They are fine Venus Paper, and are capable
O'th' best Impressions; and if we will but fill them

As full as they can hold, or will desire,
They'l swell into vast Volumes.

Alex. Our Wine shall be so plentifully drunken,
That it (like *Lethe* water) shall cause us to
Forget all cares attending Princes Courts.
Wee'le worship no other Deity but *Bacchus*, Fat-god *Bacchus*,
Resign our selves up to him wholly;
His inspirations onely we desire
Of roaring Boyes, when we have a full Quire.
Boy fill some Wine.

He takes the Cup, and views the Wine, and drinks, and whilst he's drinking Lapardus *enters at t'other end of the Stage.*

Lapardus. *Manuel* is scare yet cold in's Grave, *aside.*
And can young *Alexius* be so blith and jovial?
Can he afford his Royal Father no other than Tankerd tears?
I expected to see him almost drown'd with sorrow,
But find him swiming, and almost drown'd in's Liquor.

Alexius. 'Tis off my Boyes.

2. *Blade.* Your Majesty affords us ample proof of your
Most Royal virtue, and shwes us an example
Worthy our imitation.

Lapardus. O *Jove*, what a Sponge fill'd with Liquor *aside.*
Is our Emperor! and how these fawning Parasites
Give him words! poure Oyl into his ears as fast,
As he does Liquor into his Belly!

1. *Blade.* But where are these pretty things to play with,
Called Wenches? I am big with desire,
And fain would be deliver'd by some such Midwives:
Though *Bacchus* is so heavy that I can scarce
Support him and my self, upon my legs;
Yet have I still a standing Part, which cannot
Be brought down, without a lighter Creature,
Call'd a Whore.

Alex. Are you so hot with Lust? then wee'l retire (*Exeunt*
And get a Cooler to allay that fire. (*all but Lapardus.*

ACT.

Act. I. Scene 3.

Lapardus, Solus.

Lapardus. What? does *Alexius* think to rest conceal'd
By his retirement into some obscure and close recesses?
He beats the Air, and plowes the Sands, it is impossible;
For 'twas ever incident to great Fortunes,
That their actions should not be buried in secresie and silence:
The greatnesse of Princes Fortunes not onely forces 'um
To keep open Court, but (as if the Herb *Lunaria*
Were in the Locks) makes all their Privy-Chamber
Doors fly open; those that lead
A private life, sin with a greater licence; few know
Of their delinquencies and aberrations,
Their Fame and Fortune are alike; but those
Who are possest of Kingdoms, and far-extended Empires,
Live on a Hill, their actions can't escape the sight
Of all men; for 'tis most true, that greatest fortunes
Grant to their possessors the least and fewest licences to sin,
And each offence is more notorious, by how much greater
The person is that acts it: Vice derives
Its pedigree from the Actor, borrows its greatnesse
From him; cracks in glass, although past mending,
Are not regarded; but the smallest flaw
Apparent in a Diamond, is thought considerable:
The Sun in an Eclipse calls every eye,
The Universe must feel and know it;
A Kings Example is the *First Mouver* of
His Subjects Actions; pleasure was
In great request at *Capreæ*, because there
The Emperour *Tiberius* wallowed in 'um:
In wry-neck'd *Nero's* Court, a wry-neck was the mode;
Limping was the Court fashion in *Macedonia*
After King *Philip* broke his Leg. Is any
Delighted with unchast embraces?
He presently reflects on thundering *Jove*, and from his

Lewd

Lewd example cherishes, pampers, and foments his lust.
The only course a Prince can take to make
His Subjects good, is, to do well himself; for they think,
All actions lawful which they act
By the example of Superiours.
Are these the best requitals? *Constantinople*
Will return the gods,
For her so long-enjoyed happiness?
Has her posterity given her a surfeit?
Nothing is now predominant but Vice,
One swells with Pride, another boils with Lust,
A third suffers his canker'd breast to be
The receptacle of Black Envy.
I fear these wickednesses, which are acted
With such applauded and successful Epilogues,
Will feed (like Beasts) till they are fat,
And then they'l bleed: Heavens smiling
Does often hurt more then its weeping,
Sunshine does greater harm sometimes then rain;
We formerly (upon a desperate famine)
Had hopes of general amendment, during which,
Pride was constrained to undress her self,
And be disrob'd of all her gaudy vanities;
Lust was asswag'd and mortify'd by Want,
And the privation of those pamperings with which
It formerly was dieted: but now, that we enjoy
A copious affluence of delicacies,
We are Apostates from our Virtues
Unto our former lewdness, and have abus'd
The gods indulgency. O once famous, but now,
Declining City, *Constantinople*!
I fear thou'lt weep in blood for thy
So careless trampling on those terms of Mercy
Tender'd thee by the gods:
Relapses have been ever fatal and dangerous,
And, Heavens grant, that thine prove not a Prologue
Unto some Tragical ensuing ruins, nor cause
Thy now resplendent glory to make an Exit, and
Bid thee Adieu: now must I marshal

And muster up all my best thoughts, to finde
Some Antidote to countermine
These poisonous practises:
The body Politick must be purged
From those malignant humours which cause these Feavers
Of Lust and Pride, with which it is
Distempered and affected: but * here most (*Enter Mamalus,
Opportunely is arriv'd a Colledge *Constant: Theod:*
Of State-Physitians, whose counsel and advice *Basil: Cæsarissa.*
Will not be wanting unto my endeavours.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

Lapardus, Mamalus, Trypsicus Constantinus, Theodorus, Basilius, Cæsarissa.

Lapard. Welcome my Lords, your presence is most fortunate to me,
And smiles propitiously on my designes:
'Tis now high time that we be rowzed
Out o'th' Legarthick senselesness and dulness,
Into which, we are so finely cheated by our selves:
We that are most engag'd in State-affairs,
Are now become Secluded Members,
The Councel-Chamber doors are barr'd against us;
We stand as Cyphers, and all of's put together,
Can't make One Counsellor, according to
Xene's Accounts.

Mamal. 'Twas rightly spoken,
Thou Soul of Eloquence, *Lapardus*,

Tri: Constantin. Protosebastus (who sits at the Sterne;
And's absolute Monarch over the Empress Regent,
Her Son the Emperour, and all's Dominions)
Is doted for the Pathick of the times;
We must use some expedient to stop
That Stallion in his career of Lust,
Hold in the reins, and check his pride.

Theodor. It is not fit that he, who cannot rule himself,

Should

Should be permitted to govern others.

Basilius. We must strike off those Poppie's Heads,
Protosebastus and his Faction must bleed for't;
Constantinople must drink a draught of juyce
Squeez'd from those Poppies,
Before Shee'l be at Rest.

Lapard. I see, my Lords, that we
Concur together all in our Opinions,
And that, which addes new life to our proceedings, is,
That the Holy *Theodorus*, so eminent for piety,
Deigns them his approbation:
We are new Spirited also, that *Basilius*,
(One that hath taken the true pulse of's
Fortunes, whom the world knows, but yet
Can't board him, or sound his bottom)
Should favour our designs, and rank himself
Into our Combination.

Gesarissa. Pardon my masculine Spirit, Noble Sirs,
If I presume to tell you in plain terms
You act the Womens part too much, talk all, and
Do but little; great Talkers
Discharge too thick to aim at the true mark;
The True-bred Masty shows not his teeth, nor opens,
Till he bites, we (like Thunder) must kill
Before the blow is heard, supposing therefore
That all of you (like th' Oratour *Hyperides*
Wrack'd by *Antipater*) had rather
Bite out your tongues, then suffer 'um to divulge
The least *Iota* of our secret counsels,
My great request shall be, That you will put
Your brains upon the wrack for some brave
Stratagem to level, that proud Hill, *Protosebastus*,
And lay him lower.

Lapard. Thou fairest Star in the bright Orb of Women,
Thou more then woman,
Whose deeds are unimitable by any of that Sex,
Who (like the Ocean which shuts still as it opens)
Canst not be track't in thy immense and

Bottomless designs; whose glory shall shine brighter in
Constantinople then *Clelia's* at *Rome*;
Great *Cleopatra* that couragious Queen
Was much inferiour to thy martial Spirit;
That Foundress of so many Cities,
The fair *Semiramis*, to whom the World's
Great *Macedonian* master gave
An equal portion of glory with himself,
Shall lose her name, being so far
Outvy'd by *Cæsarissa*: but to the business,
That we may counterpoise the power
Of proud *Protosebastus*, and free the Emperour *Alexius*
From the Wardship of those base Court-Buffoons
And Parasites which abuse his tender years;
What think you of imploying an Agent to *Andronicus*,
(Who lately was banisht to *Oenæum*) A Prince o'th' blood,
One of vast parts and great abilities,
Wee'l make him a solemn invitation to return;
And enfranchise our Emperour from that slavery,
Under whose weight he groans:

Mamal. We hear *Lapardus* with no less attention
Then we should do *Apollo* from his Oracle,
Thy counsel merits our applause and approbation.

Tr. Const. But to whom may we safely unbutton our breasts?
Whose trust can claim so great an interest in
Our secret thoughts? as, that we should
Reveal 'um to him;

Cæsar. I hope I am so wrought into your trust,
And woven to your design, that, though a woman,
I may be trusted with the management of these
Affairs; grant me but your consent, and I my self
In person will post t' *Oenæum*, carry the invitation,
Which hee'l as willingly embrace
As Virgins do their Husbands the first night;
Or fire flies upward;
I'le fly like lightning, and out-run my thoughts
To reach him quickly. *Exit.*

Lapard. I'le leave you too, my Lords, that I may go

And

And win the Admiral to revolt with his Navy
To *Andronicus*, and waft him over. *Exit.*

Tr. Conſt. Now do I fancy with my ſelf
How I ſhall hurle *Protoſebaſtus's* panting brain
Into the Air in mites as ſmall as Atomes,
His hands are too effeminate and ſoft
To pluck up ſuch rebellious Thiſtles,
As we are, by the roots.

Mamal. There can't be much oppoſition made
Againſt *Andronicus*, at his arrival; for
Protoſebaſtus is a better Stallion then war-horſe;
I'le undertake the ſight of a drawn Sword
Shall make him run under a Womans Coats,
And hide his head within a Smock for ſhelter,
He had rather ſee a naked woman, then
A naked Sword.

Baſil. I dare promiſe my ſelf to ſee all our deſigns
Effected, if *Lapardus* can but oblige the Admir l
To ſide with us; which too we need not queſtion but
His powerful eloquence will bring to paſs;
But lets retire my Lords,
Leaſt ſome of *Xenes* faction ſurprize us: *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT I. SCENE 5.

Lapardus, Conto-Stephanus.

Conto-Steph. Theſe your Propoſals ſtartle me (my Lord)
And raiſe within me perpetual ſtruglings
Betwixt Rebellion and Loyalty;
Loyalty waxes and ſeals up my ears againſt
Your charming eloquence which would move me
T'attempt ſuch treacherous practiſes;
Rebellion, on the contrary, prompts me to a fair
Audience, and commands me to put all your Commands
In execution.

Lapard. Why do you uſe that (ſo harſh Term) Rebellion,
From which my Counſel's ſo remote, that it (trey;
More plauſibly may be Chriſtn'd, Love to my Prince and Coun-

You strike not at the Majesty of th' Emperour *Alexius*,
Nor must your aim be the suppression,
But preservation of it; you bend your main designs
Against the proud *Protosebastus*, that prosperous Traytour,
Who shackles the brave Soul of young *Alexius*,
Which otherwise would take a nobler flight, and soar
Much higher, were it not clogg'd with
The incumb'rances of a vitious and debaucht retinue,
Which *Xene* puts upon him, that with her Minion
Protosebastus she may safely lead
A lewd and dissolute life, knowing that if
His virtue be not clouded by the black deeds
Of those vile wretches, 'twill shine too bright,
For her eyes (weakn'd with the works of darkness)
E're to behold, 'twill be too hot to be endur'd by her.
Conto-Step. You have afforded me full satisfaction to that scruple
Of Loyalty, which I propos'd, with which I see
Your counsel is consistent; but what if we
By bringing in *Andronicus* (like the *Hyrcanians*)
Should nurture and preserve a dogge
To be devour'd our selves, and prey'd on by him?
What would this be, but in effect to court our own destruction,
And woe our ruine; is it not safer
To rest contented with that senseless Logge *Alexius*?
Then raise a King who (as the *Stork i'th Fable*
Did the Froggs) will run with open mouth upon his Subjects;
You are not ignorant of the rare endowments
For which *Andronicus* was ever famous,
And that his eloquence runs in so strong a stream
That it will hurry with it all it meets;
And he, it may be, exasperated by his late exile,
Will intermeddle in *Alexius* power,
Nay more, un-King, un-Throne him
Under some plausible pretence
Which treasonous practises
Have always in their womb, and are
Deliver'd of at the least summons;
You know he shin'd so bright in popular favour,

Before

Before his late confinement to *Oeneum*, that the rayes
Of *Manuels* Majeſty were ſcarce diſcern'd;
And now perchance if he appear again,
His preſence (like the Sun's after a long Eclipſe)
Will be more highly priz'd by all, and by uniting
The Rayes of his hot fury, hee'l diſſipate
And utterly deſtroy thoſe clouds, which
Formerly obſcur'd his luſtre.

Lapard. Let not ſuch cauſeleſs fears poſſeſs
The noble *Conto-Stephanus*, wee'l ſet him up,
As men do little children upon Horſes) and
Never truſt the Reins in's hand; and if we ſhould,
Government (like Great *Alexanders* Horſe, *Bucephalus*)
Will throw all Riders, but the true owner
And poſſeſſor of it;
We do but borrow him for a while from baniſhment,
And after we, by's means, have levell'd
Protoſebaſtus's power, wee'l pay him honeſtly again
Unto *Oeneum*; we only draw him out of's
Baniſhment (like a Sword out o'th' Scabberd)
To kill all we deſigne for death,
This done, wee'l put him up again,

Conto-Steph. Make him your Sword, ſay you?
I wiſh your medling with ſuch Edge-Tools
May not prove dangerous: But however,
My Navy ſhall be ready at a ſmall warning.

Lapard. And I'le acquaint the reſt o'th' conſpiration
That I have made you and your Navy ours. *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCENE 7.

Xene, *Protoſebaſtus*, Two Court-Ladies.

Protoſeb. How does our Palace now reſemble Great Mahomet's
Paradice! how does it float in pleaſures!
Let ſmall-brain'd Book-worms talk of Speculations
And empty notions floating in their underſtanding;
We by our practice onely will embrace
The knowledge of Our Senſes, which they

Attribute

Attribute falsely unto Brutes alone, but we,
Having experienc'd its Transcendent excellence,
And bath'd us in the pleasant streams
Which flow from that sweet fountain of our Sense,
Either deny that Brutes are capable of that
Not to be parallel'd felicity, or if they are,
They know not how to prize that excellent Jewel,
And here lies
Th' essential difference 'twixt them and us,
(In this my New Philosophy) that men by often
Wearing and making use of it, know rightly
How to prize it; but Brutes,
Although that happiness be in their possession,
Are ignorant of the value;
Men know how to improve the knowledge of their Sense
By bringing and reducing it to practice;
What the Sense represents as lovely to 'um,
They presently embrace that object.

1. *Lady.* O that I were that object then! for I would willingly be embrac'd. *aside.*

Protosch. How could we e're discover the admirable virtues
Which reside in you fair Ladies,
Without this knowledge? for first
We should deprived be of that most ravishing
Sense of Feeling, which once lost,
Coition would turn Nature's stomack, and make her loath it:

2. *Lady,* Which Heavens forbid. *aside.*

Protosch. And then again our lust would fall,
If 't were not underpropt and heightn'd
By a fixt gazing on fair objects;
Then should we lose the Harmony which lies
In Ladies Tongues, which causes us
As often as they speak, to be of His opinion,
That said the Souls of mortals are a Harmony;
And when they're in that Hot Dispute
Call'd by the Rabble, *Scolding,*
Without our Sense's Knowledge, we should lose
The Harmony, that Discord was the cause of.

Xene,

Xene. Were it not for this Knowledge,
Our rareſt delicacies would afford us
No better reliſh then the poor Ruſſet-Tenants
Meaner fare; then our *Caveare*, *Eringo* Roots,
Potatoes, and *Chocolate*, and the reſt
Of the Train-bands of high diſhes would be in vain
Muſter'd together to defend
Our luſts from being mortify'd and kill'd,
By frequent skirmiſhings in *Cupids* Camp;
Then would our *Dildoes* be of no great uſe,
Our Eunuchs, Marmoſets, and young Pages
Would do us little ſervice;

Protoſeb. Let us live then a life of Senſe,
And follow all its dictates; 'tis Senſe ſhall only reign
In this our Microcoſm or little World of Man.

1. *Lady*, And I hope too in our great
World of Women;

2. *Lady*, 'Twas well interpos'd Madam, for
If Senſe ſhould reign,
We Women ſhould prove its beſt Subjects;

Protoſeb. Now, becauſe no Laws can oblige before
They are promulgated and known,
I ſhall recite the Laws of Senſe unto you; Firſt,
They bid Women be as common
As th' Aire in which they breath.

1. *Lady*, Excellent, Excellent;

Protoſeb. They ſtrictly charge us men to dwell a while
Upon a Ladies Lips, and then to make
Hot purſuits after virtue, which we muſt finde
By ſpeedily reſtoring to her Lodgings,
Which always are i'th' Middle.

2. *Lady.* I wonder then that thoſe
Who viſit us Court-Ladies, are not reputed virtuous,
For they always Hire our middle Lodgings.

Protoſeb. Then they enjoyn us men to labour till
With our great Clubs (like *Hercules*) we beget
Fifty a night; *But what means
This winged ſpeed you make to us?

(* *whilſt he ſpeaks*
enter 3 or 4 ſervants
in a fright.

1. *Serv.*

1. *Serv.* An Army's Landed.

Protoseb. How!

2. *Serv.* An Army headed by *Andronicus.*

Protoseb. Our joys are blasted; Where's the Admiral?

3. *Serv.* Hee's revolted and in the Navy, the Army consisting of *Paphlagonians* is arriv'd.

Protoseb. Well *Xene*, now use all thy Arts and Charms,
Lay all the Gins thou canst to catch
Thy subjects Hearts, of which if now we fail,
Our lives t' *Andronicus* will be a prize,
And to his fury hee'l them sacrifice.

Finis Actus Primi.

Act. II. Scene I.

Enter three Soldiers.

1. *Sold.* BY *Mars*, *Constantinople* is a well-treasur'd City, her wealth's so great 'twould tempt
The fingers of a Saint.

2. *Sold.* Let us make golden Hilts to our Cold-Iron
We wear; our Swords, since they have proved
So victorious, deserve 'um well.

1. *Sold.* I could have almost curst our General, for forbidding
Plunder on pain of death, just at that Instant
When I was seizing on a She-Citizens Watch,
Whose Alarm would have been more melodious
To my ear, then our Drums.

3. *Sold.* But what though he prohibited all Plunder,
You might have storm'd Her Fort by Law of Arms,
You might have dock't her Notwithstanding.

1. *Sold. Notwithstanding*, saist thou?
I must have don't *withstanding*, it at all;
And so I did, for though the fearful creature heard
The Generals Command, yet she thought
That, should I take her Watch,
She'd scarce recover it when I was gone,

Which

Which I ſuſpecting by the Panick fear
Which then poſſeſt her, promiſ'd to leave it,
Upon condition ſhee'd yield her Body to me,
And fall before me; which words I ſcarce breath'd out,
But ſhe as eaſily was blown down by my breath,
As wither'd Leaves in Autumne,
Which breath of mine that blew her down,
(As that of *Boreas* made *Orythia*)
By this time is the cauſe of
Her Belly's ſwelling.

2 *Sold.* 'Tis an ill wind blows no good,
But thine blew ſome to thee.

3 *Sold.* I love ſuch Wind-falls as Women dearly,
They're alwaies ripe and ſweet.

2 *Sold.* And they think us men ripe and ſweet too,
For if they did not, a merry Baggage
I dockt upon our March, would never have told me,
That Part of mine I gave her, was ſo ripe and ſweet,
It melted in her mouth:

3 *Sold.* But hear you fellow Souldiers,
The General *Andronicus* promiſ'd us double pay
For our good ſervice, our Officers have
E're this receiv'd it; let's go ſee. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE 2.

Protoſebaſtus guarded by Officers.

Protoſeb. Muſt theſe my eyes, already too much weakened
By Luſt, be thus kept waking? theſe
That were cauſes of all the Lightneſſe
I am guilty of, be now ſo heavy
I cannot hold them open? * *He nods and the Officers nip him to keep him waking*

1. *Officer.* * Nip him, he ſleeps.

Protoſeb. Oh! oh! thus is my youth nipt in the bud.

2 *Officer.* Faith he's witty, and (like *Veſpaſian* the Roman Emperor)
He'l dye with a jeſt in his mouth;
Pinch him again for quibling. (*They nip him again.*

Protoseb. Oh! oh! oh! Hell never saw worse torments.
Tantalus's torture was a play to mine,
He was only dry and hungry, but I
Am almost mad for want of sleep;
My eyes are grown as dull and heavy
As if *Morpheus* had hung great weights
Of Lead upon 'um; Oh, oh, oh, oh. *He nods again & they pinch him.*

2 *Officer.* I see my Boyes you can help him at a Pinch.

Serv. The General *Andronicus* commands (*Enter a Servant.*
That after his long waking you bore his eyes out.

Protoseb. This message is more welcom to me then
My former torments; it is lesse torture not to see,
Than not to sleep; would I might sleep my last, for them.
I am in hopes I should have sleep enough;
I have seen my best daies.

2 *Offi.* So you have; for when your eyes are out (**The Officers go to bore his eyes out.*
You'l scarce see better *.

Protoseb. Oh, oh, I* can't endure these so *He pulls back his head.*
Exquisite and cruel torments.

3 *Officer.* Hold still, or I'le bore a hole
Shall let your soul out of your body *. **They bore again with a hot Iron.*

Protoseb. I wish you would, Oh, oh, oh.

2. *Officer.* Now his eyes are out, how does he look
Like a Scul that has been buried half an Age!

Protoseb. Those eyes of mine which have so often been
Lust's Burning-glasses, are now justly burnt out,
Those that (like Salamanders) have dwelt
I'th' flames of Lust, deservedly do feel
This unsupportable and scorching heat.
Those eyes that saw so many works of Darkness
Are now condemned to perpetual Darkness;
Heavens I see in all their dooms are just,
He that Repentance scorn'd, be tortur'd must.

Officer. Come let's away with this blinde Owle, this
Night-bird, the Dungeon's fitter for him
Than this place. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

Act. II. Scen. 3.

Lapardus solus.

Now is *Lapardus* rising
Unto the Zenith of all high preferments,
And swell'd with a tympany of expectation
Of great honor's; like th' *Macedonian* Boyes,
All my desires are infinite;
The VVorld's not bigg enough to bear
Proportion to 'um; methinks I could comprize
The Ball of earth within these * Palms,
Extend my power from Pole to Pole,
(Like *Pompey*) I'le endure no Rival or Competitour,
Much lesse brook a Superiour:
When I am conversant with any that for
Priority contend (like th' Emperor *Caligula*)
I'le point unto my self, and say with him,
Let there be but one Chief, and Prince:
If I am challenged to great atchievements
By any person, I'le give him that brave Answer
Great *Alexander* gave his Friends (when they desir'd him
To contend for the prize of the *Olympick* games) I'le tell him,
I must have Kings for my Competitours;
Princes and Emperours are only company
Fit for *Lapardus*: Dame Fortune shall be made to know
That she has come too short of all my wishes,
And shall be soundly chid for't, unlesse
She for the future promise to be my Waiting-woman,
And attend my Beck or Call:
If she (like *Venus*) be not alwayes smiling,
As if she favour'd my designs,
I'le deal with her (as th' Vulgar does with Witches)
I'le take away her power of hurting me
By drawing forth her Blood,
If she be'nt willing to couple with me in all

* *He opens his hands.*

My enterprises, I'le force her by a rape,
And when she once has been my VVhore,
Shee'l easily turn Bawd to my designs,
And bring 'um to embrace what they desire.
For, not to flatter her, how dares she do lesse?
Now I am like to rise with great *Andronicus*
Our rising Sun, whose presence must create
Fair Dayes and happy Times for great *Lusardus*;
For by my means she shines so bright in our Horizon,
His lustre's borrowed from me; whilst *Alexius*,
The yong Boy *Alexius* (for how his Title of Emperour's
Too long for me to name, too short for him
To hold fast long) whilst that yong Boy I say
Shall prove a Falling Star from the high Sphear
Of Government; for I've determin'd,
And my fixt resolutions are to hurle him
From the Imperial Seat, and substitute
Andronicus in his room, who, I believe,
Needs few and small incitements
To a complyance with me.
I cannot but applaud my self how I have fool'd
The Admiral into these thoughts, as
That my malice glanced at *Protostbasius* only,
But 'twas *Alexius* against whom
My bowe was bent, he was the mark I aim'd at,
Because he let my worth lye unregarded,
And (like the Morning-stars at the Sun's presence)
My glory vanished and disappear'd whilst he did shine
Which now I shall at length recover,
Having contriv'd th'advancing of *Andronicus*
Unto the Throne, and laid the under-ground
Foundation of his Grandeur,
Upon which others may erect and build it higher:
Basilius will prove an excellent Hackney.
For me to spur on to this Project,
Nay, I believe he'le post unto't without a spur,
Whilst I (like th *Gracians* in the *Trojan* Horse)
Do lurk within him, and act unseen, unknown;
He shall incurre the odium of the Act,

I'le

'le reap the profit,
The Asse *Basilius* shall be only seen
VVhilst I lye hid under that Asses skin.

Act. II. Scen. 4.

Alexius with Servants, *Andronicus*, four of *Andronicus his Officers.*

Alex. They say our Cousin *Andronicus* is return'd to visit *Constantinop'e*, but yet the manner of
His Coming's strange, h'as brought such a retinue
Of Armed Hangers-on with him; but probably
He may have heard we keep a Royal Court,
Which (like the Sea) can never be drank dry;
VVhen he gives us a visit we'le command
Our City Conduits set running for's entertainment.
There are those, we hope about us,
VVho can drink down his Train,
Though it were greater. *Enter an Officer from Andronicus.*

Officer. May it please your Majesty;
Our General *Andronicus* desires admittance
To kisse your hand.

Alex. Tell him he has a free accesse
Unto us: *Exit Officer.*
Now let me recollect my thoughts,
What entertainment shall we give him
Suitable to his nature?

Serv. Your Kingdom (Sir) your Empire. *aside.*

Alex. What Wine does he love best?
Hee's a Prince of our blood, and therefore will not
Refuse his Liquor, hee'l not prove a *Felo de se*,
And rob himself, surely.

Serv. No: but take heed he don't rob you, of *aside.*
The best Jewel in your Crown, your Head,
Ere long.

Alex. He is reported to be proud,

We'le

Wee'l make him drunk, and then hee'l be
Most rarely elevated.

Serv. I fear hee'l quickly be elevated *aside.*
Too high for you, without drinking.

Alex. Wee'l fill him so with Liquor, that
It shall swell him more than all his Pride.

Enter Andronicus with four Officers.

Andronic. I am arriv'd (Dread Sovereign) to pay that Tribute
Of Loyalty and Veneration due to your Majesty,
* Desiring that those feet I rise from kissing, * *He falls down and kisses Alexius's feet.*
May trample me to Atomes, nay to Nothing,
That same minute when I entertain
Thoughts of Disloyalty against your Person;
I kiss't those feet, those sacred feet,
Constantinople's Empire which support,
As an acknowledgment of my subjection to 'um;
I shall forget I am related to you,
By my too well remembring you are my Emperor, and I
Your Subject, nay, your Vassal:
The Paphlagonian Cohorts I brought with me,
Shall be at your Devotion, and guard you
From all dangers, thinking their safety is
Involv'd in yours, who are mankinds delight and joy,
And whom your Subjects most justly may proclaim
The Soul of Vertue; and all those Encomiums
They heap upon you, will be like the streams
Drawn from a Spring, which still more fully rise,
The Fountain being inexhaustible;
Your Subjects shall not need fear to affirm
That all your Titles find encrease by you,
Not you by them, that you as far transcend
All other Monarchs, as Monarchy
A private person's state, having invented
That excellent Art of making
Your courteous affability (which yet goes hand in hand
With Majesty) commit a Rape upon
Your Subjects minds, and wind your self
Into their favour's Labyrinth; and this I can assure you

In

In the behalf of me and * these my followers,
That if (as *Momus* wisht) our breasts were glazed
And transparent, you'd see the Motto fixed in them
(Which was engrav'd on *Vitellius* his Statue at *Rome*)
Of most untainted Loyalty to their Sovereign:
And this shall be our joynt unanimous Prayer,
That Heavens would grant *Alexius*
Those millions of years his vertue merits.

* *Points to the Officers with him.*

Alexius. Sure Cousin, after this long Speech
You must be thirsty, let us go in and drink;
And wee'l endeavour in some measure to requite
Your love unto us express'd in your
Mellifluous Oration. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. 5.

Lapardus, Basilius.

Lapardus. *Basilius* ar't ambitious of the renowned title
And name of Make-king? will't thou have Fame
Tell all the world thou gav'st *Andronicus*, and
The famous City *Constantinople*, their strength,
Their spirit and their glory? and that
Their conservation was thy Donative?
Wilt thou command as many supple hams and knees
To cringe to thee as do to Heaven?
Have thy frowns dreaded more than *Jove's?*
Thy smiles courted and lov'd, and no less priz'd
Than those of Fortune?
Affectest thou to be in power and reputation equal strong,
And call the eyes of all mens admiration on thee?
Would'st thou be known the man to whom
His Country's safeties sweeter than its sight?
And one who'd rather quit his Country, then
His love unto it? would'st be esteem'd
A man not born unto, or for thy self,
But to, and for thy Country, and for us?
Or would'st thou be in a capacity of challenging

Those

Thoſe words unto thy ſelf, which dying *Druſus*
Breath'd out with's life, and left his Country as
A Legacy? *My friends, will e're the Common-wealth*
Meet with my equal.
All theſe, and more, thou ſhalt be Maſter of,
If thou'lt but ſteer thy courſe by my advice.

Baſil. O my good Lord, your guidance and prudent conduct
In all matters, ſhall be as grateful to me
As that o'th' Polar-Star to Marriners,
Or *Ariadne's* clue was unto *Theſeus*:
Your counſil ſhall be ſo attractive of me,
That it ſhall draw me forcibly to what it pleaſes,
As greater Magnet's draw the leſſer to 'um.
My Lord, I am your Creature, and your command
(Like the firſt mover of the Spheres) ſhall let me leave
Nothing within the Sphear of my abilities, unattempted,
Whereby I may be ſerviceable to you.

Lapard. 'Twas nobly reply'd *Baſilius*:
But yet I fear, when once my purpoſes are ſtarted,
And ſet a running in full view, (like a young Hound ſcarcely
Initiated to the ſport) you'l not purſue 'um cloſe,
But either fly back, or ſtand at gaze,
Not moving towards 'um the ſmalleſt ſtep.
For there's a fault, of which, men of your Coat are often guilty,
They're troubled with a thing call'd Conſcience, which
When they attempt ought that is worth a name,
It preſently recoils within 'um, curdles their blood,
And makes them dread and loath to ſwallow
A brave and daring Action;
But, to deal plainly with you, if it were well view'd
Without that frightful vizard dull ignorance
Let's it wear, you'd find it is no other, then
A puny fear, not to be harbour'd in
A noble breaſt.

Baſil. My Lord, I'm ſorry you ſo much miſtake me,
All that I have retain'd belonging to the Clergy, is only
The Name and Habit; nor do I think my ſelf
Concern'd to practiſe their deluding fancies;

I wear a heart (my Lord) guilty of ſuch black deeds,
That 'tis of a more Sable Hue then this my Habit:
I am one of Fames Candidates, and
Aſpire to greatneſs; I fain would hear
That Horrid wickedneſs of which my breaſt
Has not a Receptacle been;
What poiſonous crimes are there that have a name?
To which my natur's not inur'd, and can't concoct?
Should I refuſe an enterprize upon the ſcore of conſcience,
Let me be chalk't up a religious Fool,
And branded for a Superſtitious Aſs;
As Sophiſters make uſe of true propoſitions
The better to infer their falſe Concluſions,
So I make uſe of conſcience and religion to cloke my Vices;
Or as thoſe that are the moſt deformed oftneſt paint,
So I make Conſcience a Colour for my actions;
'Tis ſo my Lord,

Lepard. I ſee now thou art moulded for my proje&t;
Andronicus, you know, has got ſure footing in the City,
His Army's in a readineſs for all Exploits:
Now if you'l forge a Petition from all the Peers
And Commons in the Empire, and in their names
Requeſt *Andronicus* to be joint-Emperour
With *Alexius*, you will give being unto my deſigns,
And leave no ſtep of honour untrodden by your ſelf
For your deſerts; there's no fear but Succeſs
Will crown all our endeavours; for you and I,
With *Conſtantinus* and *Hagio-Chriſtopharites*,
Andronicus's, Favourites will ſubſcribe to't, and then
Millions, partly for fear, partly for gain, will follow;
And if any ſhould refuſe it, you
May urge 'um with this Argument, That
'Tis a moſt affected obſtinacy to deny what
Their Superiours willingly embrac'd, That
'Tis fooliſh ſuperſtition to be more Holy then
Biſhop *Baſilius*; Sawcineſs, to pretend to
Greater policy then thoſe Stateſmen, *Lepardus*
And *Conſtantinus*; and thus wee'l force

All their consents; which that we may dispatch,
Let us go and contrive the Form of the
Petition, which you shall have the honour
Of preferring to *Andronicus*. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE 6.

Andronicus, *Theodorus*.

Andron. Reverend Sir, my zeal to pay my thanks to Heaven,
And th' Tribute of my tears to my dear Cousin
Manuel, has brought me to this sacred place;
But being conscious of my own infirmities,
And well assur'd of your divine perfections, and
Eminent piety, I'le humbly beg that favour of you
To send the sweet incense of your Devotions
To Heaven for this my prosperous arrival
Unto *Constantinople*; thank all the Powers above
For making me the instrument of enfranchising
This City from that Servitude which *Protosebastus*
Had brought upon it;

Theod. That interest I have in Heaven
Shall be imploy'd to supplicate the gods
To showre their choicest blessings on your actions.

Andron. Then shall I never need call their success
In question, but shall on easie terms bring
Heaven down to side with my designs,
For pious mens good Prayers and Orations
(Like Ordnance highly mounted) batter the walls
Of Heaven, before that the report
Is heard on earth; I'm out of gun-shot, and secure
Now I have got your prayers for my safe-guard;
For me thinks that in you
I see all th' Holy Fathers of the Church
In an Epitome; whose learning, virtue, and
What ever else was noted in them, survives in you;
But it remains that I pay my *Devoir*

To

To my deceased Cousin *Manuel.* (*He turns from* Theodorus, *and goes to* Manuels *grave, where he speaks these words aloud.*

By what ill fate of mine, no fault of thine,
Were not the lines of my affection to dear *Manuel*
Better discern'd? the rayes of my Love to thee
Were so fervent I wonder thou shouldst never
Feel their heat; or rather were they not
Too hot for thee t'endure 'um, which because
Thou couldst not return to me with the same ardor
Of affection, thou send'st me to exile; for which,
'Tis true, I seemed much concern'd and troubl'd,
But not so much for th' smart of punishment,
As for the hand that laid it on, a Friends,
A Kinsmans hand; however, I shall dry up
All those tears shed in my banishment,
With the heat of affection I ever bore thy person,
And shall make my chiefest study
Alexius interest's promotion. (*Then he speaks these following Words softly, that* Theodorus *might not hear them.*

Thou Base Revengeful Wretch,
Who (like a Blood-Hound) mad'st my blood
Thy only game; I'de spurn thy ashes into th' aire,
Ungrave thy dust, did I not fear,
That yet thy Malice (Phœnix-like) will rise
Out of thy ashes, and put my eyes out with 'um:
I scorn to trample on thy dead and senseless Carkass,
I'le touch thee to the Quick in thy Relations
And Friends, whom I'le destroy;
I'le fill all the Church-yards and Monuments
I'th' City with their bodies,
And all Hells large vacuities with their Souls;
Charon shall be constrained to get as large
A Navy (as *Xerxes* had) to ferry them to Hell,
Their number shall be so great;
When I shake any of thy acquaintance by the hand,
'T shall not be out of Amity and Friendship,
But to reach their Pulses, that I may feel

How ſpeedily Nature would kill thoſe
Whom I foredoom'd to death;
Nay, to pleaſe my revengeful humour
I will burn and enflame the Empire, that I
(Like *Nero*) may rejoyce and triumph at it;
All thy White-Boys and Favorites
Shall have their names with bloody Characters
Written in thy Black Kalendar;
I'le Curſes now to thee as Tribute Pay,
But leave the Reſt unto a Blacker Day.
Now I have paid that debt due to my Couſin, (*he turns again to*
I'le leave you *Theodorus* to your devotions, *Theodorus.*
(*exit.*

Theod. If I don't much out-run my mark,
Andronicus will prove a Sovereign remedy
To cure the Empir's Maladies and Wounds,
He is ſo much addicted to devotion; he's either
The greateſt Saint, or greateſt Hypocrite,
That ever Souldier was. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secund.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Xene, Sola, weeping.

NOw could I wiſh my tears could finde
As many pores to iſſue out at, as my ſweat;
Now could I make each pore of my dull carkaſs
A weeping eye: me thinks my eyes
Are too ſmall Chanels to convey away
Such floods of miſery in which my Spirits
Are loſt and drown'd; I could with *Heraclitus,*
Be always weeping, and all the reſidue of
Pleaſure left me, is, that I have the priviledge
To weep, and vent my ſorrow
In large effuſions of Briny tears:
Theſe eyes of mine that have been heretofore

Enflam'd

Enflam'd with luſt, are now conſtrained
To ſhed warm tears for my *Protoſebaſtus*;
I little dream't of theſe ſad ſhowres of miſery
In our late Sun-ſhine days, which now for ever
Are over-caſt and clouded; for I ſhould prove
Ungrateful, cruel to him, if, now his eyes are gone,
Mine ſhould ceaſe running;
O Barbarous and inhumane Prince, *Andronicus*!
Sure thou wer't ſuckl'd by ſome ravenous Wolf,
Either thy Nurſe (like *Nero's*) ſoak'd her Papps in blood,
Or elſe her blood wa'nt throughly concocted
Into milk when thou hung'ſt on her breaſts;
Thou couldſt not otherwiſe have been ſo cruel.
Had my *Proteſebaſtus* been permitted
To ſleep with me in the ſame gaol and fetters,
When he wak't I had been happy; for then,
His eyes (like two bright Stars) might have afforded me
Some light and comfort in my Affliction's dark night;
But now that they are hurled from their Spheres,
They no leſs threaten
The ruine of His little World of Man
Then, Stars and Planets falling from their Orbs
They have it'h' Heavens, would preſage the deſtruction
Of th' Univerſe and greater World.
And next I fear they will Eclipſe
My childe the Emperour *Alexius*,
Conſtantinoples quondam glorious Sun,
And throw him out of his Imperial Sphere
To Earth's loweſt Center; I fear hee'l be
The next mark of their tyranny and envy;
Poor ſoul, He is not ſenſible o'th' imminent
Danger he is in, how a drawn Poniard
Hangs by a ſlender clue over his head
Ready to cut him off each moment;
Hee's unacquainted with theſe State-devices,
And ne're read ſo much Politicks as to know
That thoſe who gaze and aſpire after government,
Will purchaſe and procure it, though they ſwim

To't

To't in the blood of those whose Right it is,
A Crown will make men leave no project unattempted,
They'l build a Bridge o'th' Carkasses of their opposers
To reach it, and rather then they'l miss or lose it,
They will un-hinge the world, turn the Globe upside down,
Pull all into a *Chaos* and confusion with
Themselves:
Now do I look upon my self as a desolate
And childless widow, and resemble
The aged Body of some dry and fruitless tree,
Whose tender branches are lopt off,
And shall my self be cut down next.
Farewel to all my former joyes and pleasures;
I now am divorc'd from 'um; those *Halcyon* days
Of peace which I enjoy'd are now expir'd,
No branch of Olive grows near to my Palace,
A *Cypress* branch better befits my dying state;
I'le retire to my Chamber as to a Coffin of
A larger size, and there I'le walk
As solitary, as if I were in the *Elysian* shades,
To which e're long I know I shall be sent;
If I can, I'le either talk my self away,
Or waste my self with abstinence till I cease
To be a body, and am all voice (like Eccho)
And this shall be my last recourse and refuge
To comfort me i'th' worst of dangers; that all they can do to me
Can't transcend my expectation,
Who am possest with thoughts of nothing else
But Hell and Horror.

ACT. III. SCEN. 2.

Enter Tr. Constantinus, Lapardus, Hagio-Christoporites, Basilius, with a Petition in his hand.

Tr. Constant. The form of the Petition
Likes me well.

Hagio-Christoph. And I so thorowly approve of it

That

That it has my assent.

Basil. We shall deserve to be i'th' Chronicles
For being *Atlas*'s o'th' *Grecian* Empire,
And raising up *Andronicus* to mate and check *Alexius*,
Who is yet young, and has too weak and
Feeble hands to hold the reins o'th' Empire;
Government is a Horse too skittish
To let such Youths as he bestride it;
Except he rides behind *Andronicus*
'Twill throw him off.

Lapar. This *Basilius* is a gallant Rogue for a Black-Coat, *(aside.*
He swallows Rebellion bravely, and I believe
He'd un-throne *Jove* himself with small entreating.

Basil. 'Tis a known Axiom in Politicks,
Wo to that Land whose Sovereign is a Child;
Alexius youth's heat must be allay'd and cool'd
By th' Snowy Age of old *Andronicus*,
His silver Hairs and golden Head are fit
For th' management of State-affairs:
He has been long betroth'd
To (the best Mistress in the world) experience,
Hee's politick and wise
And his age gives him a sufficient title
To rule and govern;
And therefore 'twas Enacted by sage *Lycurgus*,
That men should receive honour and respect,
Not for their riches, power, but their Age,
Knowing the shadow of an Aged person
Creates more terror, and strikes a greater fear on men
Then a Youth's sharpest Steel; Hence at *Rome*
The Senate did consist of ancient men;
Amongst the famous *Lacedemonians*
The Magistrates were stiled Old and Ancient men;

Constant. And therefore 'twas, Great *Alexander*
Gave none but aged men, Commissions
To be Grandees and Officers in his Army,
Which to all its beholders
Seemed a Grave and Reverend Senate

Of

Of some well-regulated Common-wealth:
And though that Hoary-Age be not so vigorous, as Youth,
In strength of Body and Agility,
Yet 'has a stronger and a nimbler Brain;
And as in tedious voyages, Ships lose that outward splendor
Which they had when they first lanch'd off from shore,
Yet then they chiefly gain,
By being laded with richer Wares;
So ancient men repair all Youth's decays
By the possession of a richer Brain and golden Head,
With which they'r laded, after they'r past the Tropicks
Of Youth's hot bravery:
What fools are therefore those
Who think that aged men are too unactive
For Sovereignty? Such do resemble those,
Who say, the Pilot's idle,
Because, when others climbe the Maste, pump out the water,
(Which the too covetous Ship would otherwise retain)
He sits at ease and quietly at the Stern,
Although his task's the hardest.

Lapard. My Lords, I shall be guided by you,
Hoping you have no sinister intentions
Against *Alexius*, but that his Interest and Honour
Are your main Scope and end.

All answer, 'Tis so my Lords.

Basil. Well, let us go out and procure
Some of the Citizens to second our Petition
With Shouts and Acclamations for *Andronicus*. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. III. SCEN. 3.

Andronicus. *Lapardus* enters again.

Lapard. How finely do I cheat the world,
And make my Loyalty to *Alexius* shine
As bright as ever, although
'Tis foully blur'd and spotted with Rebellion;

Now

Now, could I have private and safe admittance,
To *Andronicus*, I'de open to him all my plot,
And make him know I was the chiefest Agent
To reduce him from exile, and inform him
(Before *Basilius* presents him the Petition)
That I contriv'd it, and spurr'd him on
T' attempt that noble act, although I'le not
Appear my self in publick when 'tis presented to him;
But *here he comes most opportunely: (*Enter Andronicus, to whom
* May 't please your Highness, (*Laparden addresses himself.
Fame having nois'd abroad your noble and heroick spirit,
You can't imagine it should escape conceal'd
From my knowledge, who ever hath been conversant
At th' management of State affairs:
Be therefore pleas'd t' accept the profer of my service,
Which yet (I can assure your Highness) was
Never wanting to you; I was the man
That motion'd first your invitation to return
To this distracted City, and after I
Started the business unto others,
I prompted 'um t' accomplish it speedily:
Of which I thought to certifie your Highness,
Not out of my hopes of consequent rewards
But only that I might b' esteem'd worthy
Of some employment, whereby I may
Give you a larger proof of my affection,
Thinking my self munificently and well
Rewarded, if my poor service
May find the least acceptance from you.

Andron. I was inform'd of my engagements to you at *Oenæum*,
By my dear-cousin *Cæsarissa*; I know (my Lord)
That I swam over to *Constantinople*
By th' powerful streams of your great eloquence
You laid the first Foundation stone
Of all my grandeur.
Then have I my design;
But I would further acquaint your Highness
That I han't only laid your grandeur's

First Foundation, but have proceeded too
To build upon it, and hope to make you
The Highest in the Empire before I've done.

Andron. I understand you not (My Lords,)
You are a strain too high for me
To apprehend your meaning.

Lapard. A strain too high? it is impossible;
Had I discours'd to you of Thrones and Empire,
I could not soar so high:
But your desert would reach me.

Andron. What does your Lordship mean?

Lapard. My meaning shall be known in a Petition, which
Bishop *Basilius* will bring to your Highness
Of my contrivance.

Andron. What Petition, my Lord?
I shall be willing to do any thing I am requested,
To gratifie my Friends.

Lapard. Your Highness shall soon know
If you dispense but a while with my absence.

Andron. You have your liberty. My Lord. [*Exit Lapardus.*
The Noise of this Petition
Makes excellent musick in my ears; for,
By all I can collect from his Discourse
Of Thrones and Empire, it is to entreat me
To accept something about the Empire,
Which I'le most willingly embrace at last;
Though I at first (like politick *Tiberius*)
Hold out long, before my Resolutions against it
Shall be storm'd by their importunate intreaties,
And men shall say of me, as they did of that Emperour,
Others are long performing what they promise, but he
But slowly promises what quickly he'l perform.
And when I have attain'd my ends
I'le fling away my Crutches on which I went
To my preferment, and burn those stairs
By which I mounted the imperial Throne;
I'le hate their presence (who help me up
Into the saddle of Government) as mortally,

As

As *Phœbus* does black Night,
As desperate debters do a strim-look'd Serjeant,
Or Schollers (that are lost i'th Labyrinth of
A Drapers shop) a dismal Dun,
Or women, weak backt and impotent men,
But here they * come. (*Enter* Basil. Constans,
Now I'le compose all my affections, Hagio-Christ.
And seem no less unwilling to embrace their offers,
Then Maids do to embrace their Lovers,
Although (like Maids) I desire what they offer
More then they can that tender
Those profers to me.

ACT. III. SCENE 4.

Andronicus, Basil, Constantinus, Hagio-Christoforites, Citizens.

Basil. When brave *Marcellus* was to *Rome* restor'd
From banishment, the Prince of Oratours
Rejoyced in open Senate, and confest
His voyce enjoy'd a Restauration with him,
So I, Though much inferiour to
(That *Roman* Oratour) can but acknowledge
My voyce, by your being reduced from banishment
Restor'd to me.
And I, who other wise had been but a dumb Statue of
An Oratour (like *Memnons*) now am taught to speak
By having felt the rayes of great *Andronicus*,
Constantinoples rising Sun.
And though all Eloquences golden streams
Cant perfectly reflect the radiant beams
Of his Meridian light, yet I'le not fear
The Shipwrack of my credit, whilst I steer
My course in the large Ocean of his praise
Because I carry *Cæsar* and the rayes
Of his bright Fortune;
To whom our humble suit is,

That he would condescend so much as to accept
The title of Joynt Emperour with *Alexius*,
Whose shoulders are too young, and joynts
Scarce yet sufficiently knit to bear
Such weighty burdens as a Crown;
And though the Empire whole does not transcend
But fall short of your merit,
Yet we presume so much upon your courtesie
And goodness, as to assure our selves,
That you'l not scorn a Part
Such a young *Phaeton*, as *Alexius*,
Will quickly burn and overthrow th' imperial Chariot
Which only can be govern'd
By some such prudent *Phoebus* as your selfe
He'l either be too high transported by ambition,
Until he melts his wings and falls, or else,
(As he has done too long) heele fly too low
And, with's debauch'd and lewd company,
Be drown'd in Ocean of his liquour.

Andron. You'l pardon this my barren thankfulness,
I hope, my Lords, when I've assur'd you
That admiration strikes me dumb, locks up my lips;
This so unlookt for and unthought of proffer
You all have made me, fluddles my spirits
Together so confusedly, that where to fix
And take their habitation they know not, but
(Like vagrant beggers) wander about
My little world of man; my aged limbs
Will not permit me to inherit the title
Of th' *Atlas* of the Empire;
My legs are like a Gentleman usher's then
An Emperours, who must bear a nimble Crown;
My eyes are too weak and shortsighted
To overlook an Empire,
My head's unfit to wear a heavy Crown,
And (like a ruin'd house in a great wind)
It shakes, and threatens a speedy fall off from
My shoulders, and in its paralitick motion

Is ſo dubious to which ſhoulder it ſhould incline,
That it may well be thought, I have a Load-ſtone
In each ſhoulder; I'me fitter for the grave
Then for the Throne, and had rather
(Like *Anchorites*) live immur'd in walls,
Or be confin'd (like a ſobbing Nun)
Unto a Cloyſter, then be promoted to
Th' imperial Seate; the many headed Monſter,
Call'd the People, is not ſo tame a Beaſt
That I ſhould rule it with
Theſe paralytical and trembling hands.

Baſil. I wonder great *Andronicus* ſhould be ſo ignorant
Of his own worth and merit,
Which can no more remain conceal'd
Then the Sun in its high Meridian,
Or that he ſhould refuſe
Ought which may tend to th' Empires ſafety,
We know he's of a publick ſpirit,
And will prefer the common good before his eaſe;
O that he would but once conſent that we
Unanimouſly might ſhout together,
God ſave Andronicus *joynt Emperour with* Alexius.

Andron. Your importunity (my Lords) commits a rape
Upon my reſolutions, and forces me
T' embrace what they diſlike, I mean
The partnerſhip o' th' Empire; but yet my modeſty
Will ſeal up my ears againſt ſuch acclamations*. (*He ſtops his ears whilſt they ſhout.

Omnes. God ſave *Andronicus* joynt Emperor
With *Alexius.*

Andron. My Lords, we thank you all
For your ſo cordial affection to us,
Which we ſhall ſtudy to requite, as time ſhall ſerve us,
And this weel promiſe in our own behalf,
That you ſhall find us a Father rather then
A Lord and Sovereign; and by our goodneſſe
The times wherein we live ſhall be as happy
As the firſt ſtate of Innocence before the fall
Could e're have made us; are, by our own Example,

Not

Not onely men, but even the times wherein we live
Shall be reputed virtuous; we will wholly
Devote our selves to Acts of Justice,
Wee'le use no other sword but that
She carries in her hand, which we so prudently
Will wield and manage,
That virtue shall not want her due encouragement,
Nor vice its smart and punishment?
Let Altars therefore smoke, and
That our Coronation may rightly
Be celebrated, *Bacchus* shall let run
His strutting Bellies overflowing Tun.

Omnes shout. God save *Andronicus* joynt Emperour
With *Alexius*.* (* *At which shout* Alexius *enters as awak't from sleep.*
Alexius. How full of melody were these acclamations
That rouz'd us from our sleep, wherein
Andronicus our cousin's made our Coadjutor
In the Empire, Dear cousin we rejoyce
That we have you for our companion in
So great imployments; come, let us go
And drink like Emperours. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act. III. Scen. 5.

Maria Cæsarissa, Mamalus, Lapardus, Contostephi.

Cæsarissa. Say you my Lords, *Andronicus* is joynt Emperour
With *Alexius*? and in all Patents *Andronicus*
Is placed first, and after him *Alexius*,
Like a poor Insignificant cypher after a figure.

Mamal, 'Tis too true Madam.

Cæsarissa. Then I must tell you plainly my Lords,
That you have forfeited the Title,
You had before to worth and valour,
Your actions contradict and give
Your noble births the lye;
You are all timorous Traytors, to permit,

A bold

A bold Usurper thus ascend the Throne
Without controwl; you rather should have been
All arm and weapon to cut off
Such poysons from the earth;
I'de sooner shoot my teeth at him
And pull his eyes out with (the best weapons
Nature gave me) my nails, then suffer him
To soar thus high; you should have clipt the wings
Of his ambition in time, and then you'd have prevented
His tow'ring flight; but now he Acts
In a Sphear much too high for you to reach him,
And makes you look as if
You all were Planet-struck by his malign aspect,
Which; I'me so far from pittying,
That I cant but abraid you for
Your cowardise, and call you all
Tame Traytours.

Mamal. Madam we must be tame and cautious
If wee'd not be devoured by
(The worst of wild and savage beasts) a Tyrant,
'Twill be but foolish indiscretion in us
To show our teeth till we can bite,
Or draw our swords, till we can safely sheath 'um
In their bowels, against whom they were drawn;
Your serious judgement will check and curbe
Your wilder Passions, and regulate your
Extravagant expressions proceeding from its

Contesteph. Patience (Madam) is the best remedy
When we despair of all amendment.

Lapard. 'Tis but in vain to try to swim
Against the stream.

Cesarissa. Well *Mamalus*, I'le contain my self
Within those bounds you have allotted me,
Until some opportunity shall encourage you to attempt
Some noble action against the tyrant,
And so I leave you.

Mamalus, Madam, I'le wait upon you to your Palace.

Contesteph. And I'le attend you thither.

Cesario

Cæsaris. My Lords, I shall be happy in the injoyment of
Your company, and pride my self in
That great favour. * *(Exeunt all but Lapardus.*

Lapard. Now will I rivet my self so fast
To the affection of *Andronicus*,
That *Jove* with all his thunder shall not move me,
And I'le so fix my self in's trust
That all my looks shall be no less esteemed by him
Then vows and solemn Protestations of my Loyalty;
And that I shall affect,
By speedily informing him of *Cæsarissa's* late
Seditious speech against him, and here
He is most happily arrived * *(Enter Andron, Basil.*

ACT. III. SCEN. 6.

Lapardus, Andronicus, Basilius.

Lapard. I have a business of some consequence
With which your Majesty must be acquainted.
Andron. We long to hear dear *Lapardus.*
Lapard. There is some Treason in the Forge,
Mischiefs intended against your person.
Andron. Engage us further to thee
By a particular information of't,
And thou shalt quickly be Astronomer enough
To read their destiny that plot it.
Lapard. There was a meeting lately
Between the Admiral *Contostephanus*
And *Mamalus*, with whom was also
That proud ambitious Lady *Cæsarissa*, to whom
She to this purpose express'd her self;
She told 'um Greece was grown barbarous,
And quite deprived of its wonted lustre,
That the men of this age were, in too true a sense,
Descended from their noble ancestours,
And fell far short of their Heroick actions.

She

She call'd 'um tame and timorous Traytours,
That could behold Usurpers mate and curb
Their lawful Emperour: She dreaded not to tell 'um,
Their channels of Nobility could not have a stream,
When Honour's Fountain was damn'd up
By their unworthineſſe.

Andron. And what reply made *Mamalus* and *Conte Stephanus*.

Lapard. They were extream reſerv'd,
But yet I could collect from their diſcourſe,
They onely wanted opportunity to act
As ſhe perſwaded.

Andron. At preſent wee'l defer their puniſhment.
But as for *Ceſariſſa*, wee'l take ſome courſe
To bridle her unruly tongue, wee'l ſerve her
As *Tereus* ſerved *Philomel*,
Unnerve, unſtring her tongue.

Baſil. But then your Majeſty may be ſerv'd
As *Tereus* was; and her murder
May be diſcovered by ſome means;
A poyſonous Pill were more ſecure
'Twould give her a ſpeedy paſſage to
Another world, before ſhe could ſo much as think,
Much leſſe ſpeak of the murder; and, if you pleaſe,
I will procure you one who is Phyſician to me
And *Ceſariſſa*, whom you may ſafely make
The Cabinet of your ſecrets.

Andron. Wee'd gladly ſee him: And for this contrivance,
We give thee the Patriarchſhip of *Theodorus*, that religious Aſſe.

Baſil. Your Majeſty ſhall ſee him, if you'l but grant me licence
To poſt to him my ſelf.

Andron. Uſe your diſcretion *Baſilius* *. * *Exit Baſilius.*
But now I muſt diſcourſe a little with
My dear *Lapardus*:
I would thou knew'ſt we make it
Our chiefeſt ſtudy to reward thee for
Thy love unto us, we muſt acknowledg
It tranſcends our power, and with

We could but think of some preferment
Which might hold some proportion to it;
Tho long e're this hadst been promoted
Did we not fear to injure and diminish
Thy deserts, by our not being able
To give the suitable returns of thanks;
Thou lay'st a daily Taxe upon us
By thy continual Acts of Amity and Friendship,
Which how ready we are to pay thee,
Heaven does know.

Lepard. Your Majesty infuses a new soul into me
By this your gracious accepting my small endeavours
To do you service, and makes me view 'um
Through a magnifying Glasse, and
Think 'um great ones, because they find
Such courteous entertainment from
So great a Person. (*Enter again* Basilius *with a Physician.*

Basil. The Physician is arriv'd with me,
To wait upon your Majesty.

Andron. Art thou desirous to purchase
Some interest in our favour?
And to be entertained by us as our sole Physician?
Wil't be reputed the *Æsculapius* of the Age?
Thou shal't if thou'lt be trusty and faithful to us,
And by a Drug or two dispatch
Some few rebellious Varlets
Design'd by us for ruine.

Physit. May't please your Majesty,
I am very dexterous in the Art of Killing,
Cheron had never halfe customes, then he has had
Since I began to practise, I make him faint,
His Box I also filled with my Pastilles;
Caligula that wisht *Rome* had but one Neck,
Had he been Master of his wish, and cut
All *Rome* off at a blow,
He had not made so popular a slade here,
I am the onely man who's yong Heirs,
Parsons, Sextons, and all, that live by death,

Do court and cringe to.

Andron. We call not thy abilities in question,
Our *Æsculapius*, and hope
We shall not need to doubt of
Thy readinesse to perform what we enjoyn,
Dame *Cæsarissa* must be poyson'd;
Nor is this all, but onely the first Act
O'th Tragedy that we must make.

Physitian. It happens fitly out to be accomplisht by me,
For I (this very night) was to administer to
Cæsarissa some Physick for a small
Distemper that much affects her.

Andron. Well, go you Physitian to your imployment.
And you, my Lords, follow us to
Our Council Chamber. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT. IV. SCEN. 1.

Cæsarissa, Physitian.

Physitian. IS your distemper nothing yet abated,
Noble Madam?

Cæsaris. No Sir, I am much indisposed still.

Physitian. What caus'd it (Madam) think you?
Han't you contracted cold.

Cæsaris. No Sir, 'twas heat (I rather think)
That caus'd it; A heat of Passion I was lately in
When I perceiv'd *Andronicus* was vouched with
Alexius in the Imperial Charlot;
I have enflam'd my blood by
Boyling it too much with that
Excessive heat:

Physitian. Be pleased (Madam) to swallow down these pills,
And they'l soon cool you, and allay

Your hot distemper, although at first
You must expect to feel
A violent and intense * heat. (* *She swallows 'em down.*
Now they are safe got down,
I'le leave you to their operation which will be sudden. (*Exit.*
Cæsarissa. How do my bowels burn!
The hot sulphureous flamings
Which *Ætnaes* fiery paunch
Continually vomits into the Aire,
Could not have scorcht me worse.
I could not dwell in this so vehement heat,
Were I a Salamander;
That poyson'd token in the *Centaures* blood
Which caused *Hercules* to burn in living flames
Was not so hot: me thinks I sensibly decay,
My spirits droop and faint; my soul
Sits on the vierges of my lips ready to take her flight
Into the cool *Elysian* shades:
How do my eye-strings snap (like a Base Viol strings
In rainy weather: Death has got
Sure footing in my body: I dye, * I dye. (* *She falls, and as she fetches her last groan, enters,* Mamalus, *&c.*

ACT. IV. SCENE 2.

Mamalus, Contostephi. Ducas.

Mamal. What doleful noise was this
Which lately struck my Organ?
* What sad Object do I behold? (*He sees Cæsarissa dead, and*
What? *Cæsarissa* dead? the Princess *Cæsarissa*? *starts.*
The Tragedy's begun, in which
We shall ere long be Actours all;
Cæsarissa has spoke the Prologue,
But Heavens know how many will be sacrific'd
To th' fury of the Tyrant

Before the Epilogue the end will come;
* Poor Princess, 'tis evident that poyson (* *He views her well.*
Frighted her soul out of her body,
'Twould never otherwise have left thus soon
So fair a Mansion, but what should be
The cause of this inhumane murder
I can't conjecture, unless *Lepard* should
Inform the Tyrant of her late invective
Words against him, when she was in our company,
Which I think very probable, for then
He was reserved and scarce vouchsaf'd a word.

Consostph. This thy conjecture forces my faith
To joyn with it, and raises in me a jealousie
That it is true: well my Lords
When the white and untainted innocence
Of this Lady is dy'd in blood, and has a crimson hue
We must expect ere long
To blazon all our coats with the same colour:
But seeing dye we must,
Let's breath our last like men that have
Brave and heroick souls;
Let's have a funeral pile of our
Inveterate enemies dye with us,
Nor let our swords lye buried in their scabbards
Before we'ere dead our selves:
Let 'um with their brightness
Dazle our enemies eyes and fly
Like lightning about their ears.

Ducas. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies,
We must venture all upon our swords point,
Upon that point dependeth our eternity
Either of happiness or misery:
But let's remove this Noble Princess
And conveigh her to some of her retinew. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. 4.

ACT. IV. SCEN. 3.

Andronicus, Alexius, Manuel, Basilius, Hagio-Christ.

Andron. Cousin we for our and the Countryes
Safety desires you to sign this * warrant,
For th' execution o' th' Queen Mother *Xene*;
It has been prov'd by several witnesses,
That she has used treacherous practises
To betray the City of *Belgrade* to
Bela King of *Hungary*.

* *Gives him a warrant.*

Alex. Cousin, although we willingly would
Gratifie your request in things that are
Lawfull and reasonable; yet we'l not
So relinquish all our duty unto our
Royal Mother as to grant you her life;
We'l not be Chronicl'd for a Second
Nero, nor be so barbarous and unnatural
To sign her death, who
Gave us birth and life; this your demand
Clashes with all the Laws of nature, and
Runs counter to 'um.
We shall not, will not grant it.

Andron. Consider, Cousin, that *Belgrade*
Is a strong and well-fortified Garrison,
And 'tis the Magazine o' th' *Grecian* Empire,
You also must forget your duty to your Mother,
When by forgetting it, you pay a greater
To your Country, which stands in competition
With it; Besides, her Death
Needs not so heavy lye upon your Conscience
Since in her life-time she has been
So light with her blind Lover *Protoschastus*,
So that, what was accounted
Paternide in *Nero*, will be in you, a piece of
Impartial Justice.

Alex.

Alex. If she has been so light in
Her former years, she has the greater need
Of being heavy-hearted, and sorry for it in
Her elder ones; which the more are granted her,
Will give her better opportunities of repenting.
What though *Belgrade* be
A considerable Fort of th' Empire,
Yet seeing 'tis in our Dominion still,
We'l use a middle way to satisfie
Justice and you: She shall for this Attempt
Be confin'd closely to a Cloyster, and there do pennance.

Andron. We cannot Cousin but commend you
For your filial care of your Royal Mother,
For whose great Benefit we also are so
Careful, that we'le hire Fifty Friers,
Which after her decease, shall pay their
Daily Oraisons in her behalf, and by
The number of their Prayers storm Heaven
To get her entrance, and by thick discharging
Their Beads they drop, discomfit all the
Host of Heaven.
You know well Cousin, that if we
Our power would extend to th' utmost limits,
We could our self command her execution:
But we'l upon no terms deprive you of
The means of eternizing your fame
To all succeeding Ages by your necessary
And just severity: Did not brave *Manlius*
Procure immortal credit, by sacrificing
His Son unto his Country? Is not *Horatius*
Still extoll'd, for murdering his Sister,
Because she only wept, when all her Country
Rejoyc'd and laught.
Our Parents ought, 'tis true, be dear unto us,
But our Country may challenge and demand
Their lives, when her safety
Depends upon their losse.

Alex. You have pleaded a bad Cause,

Very well, Cousin, but yet
We'l not give our verdict on your side.

Andron. Then take the Empire to your self,
I will no longer
Weary and tire my self with such a burden,
I'le leave the Vessel of the Empire
To wind and weather, sink or swim,
All's one to me.

Alex. Cousin, your importunity constrains us
To renounce all thoughts of filial duty,
And did we not the inward wracks of
Conscience, dread, attending such black deeds,
We'd sign the Warrant.

Basil. There's no such thing as Conscience
'Tis but an aery name, and has no real being,
Such thoughts are onely harbour'd
By Fools and Cowards.

Andron. Nay Cousin, if that be all molests you, we
Have taken special care for that,
And have appointed a match of Hunting,
Which may divert you from all ghostly thoughts.

Alex. Well, give us then the warrant, *He takes the Warrant and subscribes it.*
And we'l subscribe it.
You have now your request
And so we leave you. *Exit Alexius.*

Andron. Now *Manuel* let me see thou art
My Issue, by thy undaunted murdering
Of *Xene*, Thou hast a noble prey t'allure thee,
An Empress, No less than Empress,
A Murder worthy a Prince's hands.

Manuel. The times are very bad and desperate, when
So many are executed that
Princes themselves for want of others
Must turn Executioners,
I'le not attempt it for your Empire,
Nay the world, her Crme is none,
And onely forg'd, never yet truly prov'd.

Andron. Thou By-blow, thou Bastard, thus

To

To let thy cowardise be supported
By a weak thing called Conscience.
Come my *Hagiochristophorites*,
Thou art a man whose looks afford us
Sufficient testimony of thy courage,
Go stiffle *Xene* in her bed,
We do but what her own Son has commanded
In this Warrant, here's his hand for't,
Wee'l pretend to the people 'twas his Deed,
And easily perswade 'um our Conscience
Was too nice to do't, and les 'em know
'Twas his command it should be so.

Hagiochr. She's as sure dead, as if
The murder were already acted.

Andron. This done, assault *Alexius*, and
Strangle him with this Bow-string. (*He gives him a Bow-string.*

Hagiochr. I'le presently dispatch 'um Sir. *Exit Hagiochr.*

Andron. That Bow-string which I gave him,
I call my medicine for all maladies:
For, whereas Purges are nasty,
Vomits loathsome and nauseating,
Cupping painful, Clysters undecent,
Phlebotomy too tyrannical and cruel,
This Bow-string has in it
The opposite good qualities to those bad ones,
'Tis a Pan Pharmacon, and
Cures all diseases by onely stopping
Half an hour's breath.
But we have businesse which requires
Our presence elsewhere, let's retire. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. 4.

Alexius, Hagio-Christophorites.

Alex. We had excellent sport to day,
It pleas'd me wondrous well;
The Dogs ran faster than *Acteon's*
Could have done, the Sent lay well,

The Hounds made excellent musick
With their united cryes into a Chorus,
Methinks I do not miss my mother now,
I have forgot her quite. *Enter Hugiochrist.*
How now Captain,
What's your businesse with us?

Hagiochr. I come to bring your Majesty
The sad tiding of the Empresse your Mothers death,
Whom Heavens justly doom'd unto a
Punishment suitable to her vices,
For she, who lived once a soft Effeminate
Kind of life, was stiffled with two
Soft and Downy Pillows.

Alex. Come Captain we'l drink away sorrow
And never think on't.

Hagiochr. I can show your Majesty a better way
To banish sorrow from your breast,
And bury't in perpetual Oblivion.

Alex. Prithee let's hear't.

Hagiochr. 'Tis thus Sir. *(He strangles Alexius with the Bowstring.*
Now I'le warrant you so far from
Grieving for the Empresse your Mother,
That you shall ne're think of her more.
I've spoil'd your quaffing too,
And stopped your capacious throat
Which you made a tunnel to convey
So many bowles of Liquor into
Your belly. But I'le recede
For fear of a discovery,
And leave thy carkass to tell the World,
Thy Soul was weary of't, and left it:
But yet take that before I go. *(He stabs him and goes out.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. 5.

Mamalus, Contostephanus, Ducas, Lascaris.

Mamal. What? another object of Mortality?
Death reigns in these our dayes

Without

Without controle; who's this I wonder? *He views the*
Heavens blesse us! the Emperour *Alexius* *Corps.*
Lyes here murder'd; what Hell-bred Traytor
Has assaulted his Royal Person?
Now may we justly fear a general Massacre,
For, as Anatomists threaten mortal danger
If the Basilick vein be cut or wounded,
Because the Arteries that shrowd
Themselves next under it, will
Bleed whole floods, and cause an
Aneurisma; So, now *Alexius*
(The Body Politick's Basilick vein)
Is hurt and wounded, 'tis to be fear'd
That we (who are the Arteries in whom
The Empire's purest noblest blood does flow)
Shall bleed a deluge.
O these sad times! O this unhappy Age
In which such Tragedies o'th' Grecian Stage
Are Acted, not unto the life, but death!
And Cypress onely, not the Lawrel wreath,
The Actors crowns, when th' Empire of its head
Depriv'd, lyes like a Carkass almost dead.

Contostepb. My Lords, I see by this your bare suspition
Of danger, you know not all;
There was a black Decree lately enacted
By the Tyrant, that all such of the Nobles
Which were now, or should hereafter be
Imprison'd, should executed be
Without a fair and legal Tryal,
Which his Son *Manuel*
(Too good, too virtuous to be born of such a Monster)
In vain oppos'd; although he told
The Tyrant to his face, it would untrone him.

Mamal. Let us then whet our spirits as well as
Swords, and fall to present action,
You know *Isaacus* by birth's intitled to
The Crown; 'tis true, he leads a private
And close life, but Majesty will shine,

Though it be in rags; hee's a man
Of a sweet and courteous temper,
And will handle the Empire's wounds
With a Ladie's, a gentle hand,
Although he has a Lyon's heart, when
Valour is exacted of him.

Ducas. I fear hee's too mild to deal with
Such tough rebellious rogues as are
The Tyrants followers.
But however my Lords, I'le concur with you,
And I believe *Lapardus* too will not be idle,
Or stand neuter, for he
Ha lately been disgusted at some neglect
Offer'd him by the Tyrant; and here he comes. (*Enter Lapardus.*

Lapard. Save you my Lords.
All good successe attend your Counsels.

Man. You'l be close and secret (we hope) my Lord,
If we reveal 'um to you.

Lapard. I'le be as secret as the Night, as close
As an old Misers Coffers, whose Treasures
Scarse ever saw the light.

Mam. *Andronicus* the Tyrant is
The mark we shoot at.

Lapard. Thank you (my Lords) for this good news,
I'le spend my life to aid you
In your Plot.

Whilst they talk, enter Constantinus *behind the Hangings with a Guard.*

Constantinus. Treason, Treason against *Andronicus*;
Seize on the Traytors, and carry 'um away
With me. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. 6.

Theodorus, Solus.

'Tis strange I should be so mistaken
In a man, or rather that any should

Be

Be such a grand Impostour and deceiver
Of all the world, as to imagine
He shall unpunisht go for his usurping
Tyranny, and foul Hypocrisie:
How did he lately seem as if
He were made up of Sanctity,
And wore Religion in his looks,
Though now it does appear by 's actions,
He's nothing less: 'tis in his reign
A capital offence to be thought pious,
The age is grown so queasy
It can't endure the smallest touch
Of a Satyrical Pen, and the men that live in't,
(Like those that liv'd in *Galba's* time,
Love their Emperours vices no less
Then formerly they reverenc'd their
Virtues; I le speedily retire to *Trebysonda*
Where honesty may live in less and smaller
Danger, I'le sequester my self from
All these wickednesses with which
Constantinople now abounds;
Let *Basilius* (a Chaplain fit for such a
Patron as *Andronicus*) enjoy my
Patriarchship, I slight and scorn it,
A good and quiet conscience is cause
Of greater happiness and soalce to me;
Farewel farewel *Constantinople*. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT. V.

Act. V. Scen. I.

Enter Andronicus, *and Officers with Pikes, guarding* Mamalus, Lapardus, Contostephanus, Ducas.

Andron. WE love at leasure favours to bestow,
And tickle men by dropping kindness slow
But our revenge we in one instant spend;
That Moment which begins it, doth it end.
Half doing undoes many; 'tis a sin
Not to be soundly sinful, to begin
And tire; We'l do the work they strike in vain,
Who strike so, that the stricken might complain.
Let therefore all these Traytours receive
Condign punishment for their Treason;
As for *Mamalus*, we doom him, First
To run the gantlet between your Pikes,
Encompassing him in on every side;
And if the wounds you give him,
Send not his soul into another world,
His body shall be made too hot for's
By a sulphurus fire, wherein
He shall be burned.

Mamal. Do thy worst, Tyrant,
I'me proof against thy torments,
Were each pore of my body stuck with
Speare as thick (as bacon [illegible] is with Cloves)
I'de still laugh at thee;
The prickings of thy guilty conscience
For thy foul deeds will be a
Greater torture to thee, then these to me,
Thy mind will be worse slasht and
Wounded with angry Furies; and though
I cannot doubt but that there is no sense
Of mercy or humanity in such as thou art;

Yet

Yet I conclude, that when a danger
Shall surprise thee, thou wilt be
Terrify'd and amaz'd with the flashings of
Thy guilty Conscience, and reflections
Upon thy barbarous and inhumane actions.
Thou do'st evil, but feareſt worſe,
Tho'lt alwaies think thy ſelf encompaſſed with
Swords, and fancy that thou dwelleſt
Among poyſons; thou'lt never, when alone,
Dare to remove thy hand from off thy Dagger,
Although with it thou're no more able to
Defend thy ſelf from horrid apparitions,
Then *Æneas* (in's journey unto Hell)
Was to diſpel and drive away the Ghoſts
(That did moleſt him) without the aid of *Proſerpine.*
Ere have thee know, I am prepar'd for
A thouſand deaths, and can receive 'um
As cheerfully (as ere I did) my nutriment.
Now rogues I, le be among * yon (*He runs among the Pike men, who*
Andr. If there be life ſtill in him *gave him with their Pike, and when he*
Carry him out and burn him *came to the laſt man, falls down.*)
In the flames prepared for * him (*The officers carry him away.*)
We'l follow after, and ſee him burnt,
The ſtink of his dead carkaſe
Will be a ſweet perfume unto us;
As for *Lapardus*, *Contoſtephanus*, and *Ducas*,
Bore out their eyes, and then
Return 'um to the Dungeon. *Exit Andron.*

Lapard. Farewel bright Orb of Light,
Eye of the world, thou wilt for ever be
Eclipſed to me, although thy luſtre be
The ſame to others.
‖ Muſt I then looſe you thus? (‖ *He layes his hands on his eyes.*)
Pray let me ſee for what before you leave me.
Was it becauſe I looke too high,
And all my deeds of Darkneſs
Are come to light at length?
I'me ill requited for my ſervices done to

An-

Andronicus, nay rather, must justly serv'd,
For making my base flattery a
Midwife to his rage, and being
His Informer.

Offic. Come Sirs we must * execute our office. * The Officers bare out their Staves.

Omnes cry. Oh, oh, oh.

Offic. Now let us hurry 'um to prison. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCEN. 2.

Hagio-Christophorites, Andronicus.

Hagio-Christ. DOes *Constantinus* think to be preferr'd
Before me, and engross the Emperors affecti-
To himself, and make his Love (like Kingdoms)
Not endure two Rivals?
Shall he be absolute Monarch of
The Emperor's good thoughts, and
Have 'um all in his Dominion only?
I'm sure I've acted as highly for
His interest as *Constantinus*;
What though 'twas he discover'd
The late Treasonous plot, yet I
Have far out-vy'd him, I strangled *Alexius*,
Stiffl'd *Xene*, which methinks
Should be accounted more meritorious Acts,
Then that was by *Andronicus*:
And yet he has vouchsafed *Constantinus*
A greater portion of his love, than me,
He has wrote unto him private Letters,
And therein sty'ld him, *Beloved Friend*,
And shown him many other expressions of
His favour, which speak more intimacy
Than I can bear with Patience:
But yet I hope he's not so fixt in's favour
But I shall easily remove him,
I'le try my strength and fortune to

Effect

Effect it, and here the * Emperour comes
Most fitly for it.
Heavens preserve your Majesty.

Andron. How fares it with my *Hagio-Christopharites*,
After his late Atchievements, I mean
The murder of the Empresse and
Her Brat *Alexius*; dost not
Fancy thy self a Son of *Mars*?
A man of Steel, and think thy self
Worthy the best place in the Empire,
I mean a place in my affections?
By that heroick act of thine thou
Hast so glu'd thy self unto our trust,
That only *Constantinus* can vaunt he has
An equal portion with thee.

Hag. I'm sorry your Majesty knows not
Constantinus better.

Andron. Why better? what
Mean you by't?

Hag. I'm loath, Sir, to disparage
Your judgement so as to condemn
Your choyce of him, But——

Andron. Prethee explain thy self
Unto us.

Hag. I am so much your Majesties creature,
That I can't but speak against the life
Of my dear Friend, your Favourite
Constantinus.

Andron. Why against his life?
Sure he has acted nought against us
Worthy of death?

Hag. I wish he had not Sir,
But yet my heart recoyles,
And will not give me leave to speak my thoughts
Without some interruptions of * Sorrow.

Andron. Prethee no more of these circumstances,
But declare to us the main action.

Hag. My Loyalty to you (Sir) overweighs

* *Enter Andronicus.*

* *He wept.*

My former love to him, which is too light
Now it is in the ballance with
Your affection; 'tis this then,
He has abused *John* your eldest Son,
He called him deformed, said that he (like
First matter) has no form; that
The thread of his life was spun
When *Clotho* slept, and by her sleeping
It fell into the dirt; that there are
As many Hills and Dales in his misshapen face,
As *Telescopes* have discover'd
I'th' Superfices of the Moon;
That the extremities of his mouth
Are as far distant from each other,
As the two opposite Poles of the world,
That his Nose was broad enough to make
A Bridge for *Xerxes* army to pass over
All in a breast; that his Ears were longer
Than those of *Midas*, his Eyes
More terrible and fatal than a Basilisk's,
His Hair more snaky than *Medusa's*:
All his Body as tann'd and yellow
As Traytors parched Quarters
O'th' City-gates; lastly he said
That all the errors and mistakes
Nature e're made, united are in him.
Nor is this all: for he proceeded to
Sedicious expressions against the Times,
And seemed to bewail their misery,
Saying, that now the Age was much degenerate,
Which if your Majesty should pardon,
I should extol your clemency as much
As I condemn his impious ingratitude
And base disloyalty.

Andrew. Noble Captain,
Thou'lt be our only Favourite, if
With thy Dagger thou'lt open a door in's body
To let his Soul out.

Haf.

Hag. I'le go about it presently. *Exit.*

Andron. How disconsolate is solitude unto me!
The words which *Mamalu* cast forth
At's execution, made so deep impression in
My mind, that I dare scarce remove
My hand from off my Dagger,
Now do I feel the wracks and gripes
Of Conscience, which formerly I made
A Cloke for my Roguery, I tast
The Wormwood and Colloquintida of
My tyranny: the secret Torturer within me
Shakes my mind and dissolves it
Into an indiscrimination and confusion:
Will this pulse of my disturped Conscience
Never cease Beating?
Can no intermission be expected?
How does it (like a Whirle-pool) draw all
My sins unto it, which otherwise
Would gladly passe it by:
I lookt on Conscience formerly
As a mere Bubble in th' imagination,
Which fear and hope, by use could
(Like a Glasse) blow into what shape
They pleas'd: but now I feel by
Sad experience that it is a severe punisher of
Vice, now *I* have no true blandishment or
Pleasure in this my Usurpation.
Oh that each room within my Palace were
(Like *Domitian*'s chamber) beset with
The *Phengites* stone, by whose splendour
I might perceive all that is done behind me:
Who could endure my interrupted sleeps
And gastly terrors for all the Dignities
O'th' *Grecian* Empire? my Dreams
More terrifie and waft me, than refresh me:
My Fancy in the night does run Divisions
Upon the melancholly Musick made by

The grones of those whom I have murder'd.
Somtimes the pale Ghost of *Alexius* appears
And frowns upon me; anon, Dame *Cæsaissa*
Shows me her nails, and threatens with 'um
To plow and harrow my face;
My chamber seems to me bestudded with
Their eyes whom I have blinded;
I have (as I remember) heard of
One *Seth* a Conjurer, who by his Art
Can open the Cœlestial Houses, and
Discourse with the Planets, and know of them
Men's Horoscopes, I sent to him this morning
(After I was awaked from my dreadful dreame)
To calculate my Nativity, and tell me,
Who shall succeed me in this Empire,
I'le go and make further search
After him,. *Exit.*

ACT. V. SCENE. 1.

Seth *the Conjurer,* Dæmon.

I'me sent for by the Emperour
To give him an account of his
Successour, assist me therefore
All you Infernal Powers, and
Triform'd *Hecate*, be thou my Midwife,
And give me a safe delivery of this action.

He makes a Circle, and muters something to himself, at which out of a trap-door in the Stage of the same bigness and Figure as the Circle rises a Dæmon in black.

Dæmon. What employment hast thou for me
That thou disburst and counsel'st me
From the Elizian shades.

Seth.

Seth. I come to be inform'd
Who shall succeed *Andronicus*.
Dem. Is thy Faith strong enough to believe
We have the power to foretel
Future contingencies?
Seth. It is,
Dem. Here are the two first Letters of
His name contained in this * paper. (* *He gives him a paper with*
Seth. The letters are obscurely *S. I. scarcely legible.*
Delineated, I see it stands not with
The state o'th' Prince of Darkness to be
Too clear in all his Actions.
This obscurity commands a greater tribute
Of Veneration to be paid him.
Demon. But now I am ascended
From my Infernal Mansion below,
I'le spend what time I dare in the Relation
Of what shall happen in this, and in
Succeeding ages, whereof
I charge you let *Andronicus* have
No further notice then the sight
Of those two letters in the paper.
Seth. I'le be so true a Subject to
The Prince of Darkness, that not
One syllable shall come to light by me.
Demon. Know then, *Isaacius Angelus* shall
Succeed *Andronicus*, and that suddenly,
And make him dearly pay for
His long Usurpation, and render him
A sad example to all bold Usurpers.
But my main design is to unfold
The volumes of transactions to come,
By parallelling 'um with those of this
Your Grecian Empires, and prophesie
What many years hence shall be
Acted on *Englands* Stage: the Patriarch
Basilius (who for his black Deeds may

Be call'd my Chaplain) shall have
His Parallel in *England*: one by's Name
And base Profession a *Presbyterian*,
I my self was his God-father, and gave him
That factious Name to breed a Chaos and
Confusion in the Kingdom: this Fellow,
Although he to a vulgar eye may seem
To be entirely made up of Religion,
And wear it in his Garments,
Keeping his hair of's Head much shorter than
His Beard, and wearing it in Characters,
But showing's Ears in Text, and by
His tedious tautoligies in praying,
Starting a controversie, whether
His Ears or Prayers are longest:
Yet, for all this his outward form of Piety,
(like that of *Basilius*)
His Conscience shall be as large
As the great Tub of *Heidelberg*,
And devours more sequester'd Livings
Than Civil war does Lives.
He shall rayl with such a fervent zeal
Against an innocent Surplisse, as if
He did intend to burn it into Tinder:
He alwayes shall be Brain-sick, and
Talk idlely in the Pulpit, prate
Rather than preach, and he shall alwayes
Make such an Alphabet of faces,
Splay Mouths, and Noses circumflexes,
That he may well be said to fright
His Auditors out of their sins:
Whilst he rayles against Church-Ceremonies
His mimick Gestures shall contradict
And give the lye unto his Doctrin,
For all that see him, will think
He's Master of the Ceremonies by
His Cringes, and antick Gesticulations.

He'l

He'l make a sour face at his Auditors,
As often as he thunders in the Pulpit,
Thinking it very reasonable, that
His Face as well as Beer, should be
Made sour by Thunder:
He shall have a Vertigo in his Brain,
And use some such ridiculous Action, as that
Of swinging up and down his Hankercher
To keep him from being giddy,
Which Hankercher seen in his hand,
May at first make him thought a Wit,
And that he does intend to give
His Auditors sound wipes,
But he'l make such a Snotty Sermon
That he'l need have a Hankercher
To wipe it clean from Faction and
Sedition: He (like *Basilius*) shall
Un-throne his King, nay *Jove* himself for
A Preferment, and write a Holy
(Falsely so called) Common-wealth,
And set up a new Chaos of unsetled Anarchy
Of his own aery contrivances; and
Be as guilty of False Divinity by wearing
Cap upon Cap, as those are of False
Heraldry that place Colour upon Colour, or
Metal upon Metal, the fault wherein
Is intimated in his Leaden-head and
Brazen-face: and though this cunning Pilot
Shall tack about
When the wind changes, and (as
Basilius did with *Alexius*, *Andronicus*, and
Angelus) ingratiate himself with
Old Nol, his Son *Dick*, and hope
To curry favour too with Royal *Charles*,
And thereupon look bigg and swell,
Yet, Time shall make it known, that
(Like the Sun) he looks biggest when

His

His Glory's setting: in which condition
I'le leave our Presbyter, and pass from him
Unto *Old Nol* an Idol of his setting up,
He (like *Andronicus*) will not stick to murder
His lawful Sovereign, and make
Great *Charles*'s Wain give place unto
His Brewers Dray; He'l be
The greatest Hypocrite the Sun e're
Shin'd on, and pretend he stears
His Course by th' Compass of Religion,
When he intends to sail to th' fortunate
Island of a prosperous Wickednesse.
He shall spin so fair a thred of Vice, as
That it shall deceive's own eyes;
He shall admire the Cobweb,
And yet not know himself to be the Spider;
At length he (that like *Nero*) rais'd so
Many storms i'th' Kingdom shall (like him)
In a storm be hurried away,
His tyranny shall cause so many sighs
In *England*, that all the breath
(Exhaled in 'um) shall unite, and make
A Whirle-wind to waft him over *Styx* to Hell,
And (when he's landed there) to blow the Bre
The more to torture him. This Tyrant gone,
One shall succeed him (in nature much
Resembling *Angelus*) Great *Britains*
Titular Angel, the true Heir to
Englands Crown; one, who as far transcends
The virtues of his Predecessors, as the eye
Of the World out-shines a twinkling Star,
Whom though his Foes shall first give many Falls,
Yet he'l (*Antæus*-like) grow stronger by 'um,
When *England* with Mens Skulls shall be hung
Round (like the *Augean* stable) with the Bones
A Second *Hercules* to cleanse and purge it,
And after (that *Monstrous* work done) the Trump
His

Shall

Shall with its Tayle
Have toſſed up and down the Kingdom's Ship,
Great *Charles* ſhall by his prudence ſafely
Steare it, and after't has been floating
Betwixt the Rump and *Lambert*,
(As 'twere 'twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*)
Hee'l bring her to the Haven
Of all her former happineſſe and glory.
But now my time's expir'd, and I
Muſt ſpeedily retreat
To my Infernal Station *. ** He deſcends where he roſe.*
Seth. And I'le go the Emperour
And tell him all that my
Commiſſion in this Paper will permit. *Exit.*

ACT. V, SCEN. 4.

Hagiochriſtophorites, Conſtantinus.

Conſtan. Say you the Emperour's offended
At me.
Hagiochr. 'Tis ſo my Lord.
Conſtan. My faith's to weak to give you credence,
I kow I ſtand as bright in his affection,
As any in the Empire; his love to me ſo
Fervent, that all black envy's and
Detractions ſtreams can never cool,
Much leſſe extinguiſh it; I ſhall as ſoon
Doubt of the Being of the gods, as of
His love to me; I know he has a Ventricle
Of his heart big with affection for me,
Of which hee'l be deliver'd at my requeſt;
I am ſo deeply rooted in his thoughts,
That malice cannot hurt me.
Hagiochr. But will your Lordſhip
Be wean'd from this opinion of his love,
If I can give you
An ample proof of his inveterate hatred.

Constantin. My Lord, you seem to grasp the air, and to
Attempt Impossibilities, but however
I'le give your proof the hearing.

Hagiochrist. I that you shall, and feeling too,
*'Tis this; Andronicus sent you this *He gives him.*
To testifie his hatred to you.

Constantin. The more ungrateful Wretch and Tyrant
He, Oh! *He falls and dyes.*

Hagiochrist. Now will I solely reign i'th' favour of
Andronicus, the world shall have as
Many Suns as I will Rivals. *Exit.*

ACT. V. SCEN. 5.

Seth, Andronicus, Basilius.

Seth. The two first Letters of
Your Majestie's Successor's Name
Are in this Paper. *He gives* Andronicus *the Paper with* S. I. *in it.*

Andron. S. I. the Letters of his Name?
This is without all doubt *Isaac Comnenus*
King of *Cyprus*, but wee'l endeavour
To oppose him; and as for thee *Seth*,
Wee'l study to requite thee, but at present
Leave us, for we have businesse of importance with
The Patriarch *Basilius*.

Seth. I shall obey your Majesty. *Exit Seth.*

Andron. What news *Basilius* hast t' impart
Unto us?

Basilius. I came t' inform your Majesty
Of th' apparition of a Comet, as an
Embassadour from Heaven, to summon
Your appearance thither.

Andron. Fear no such thing *Basilius*;
I'me glad the Heavens are so merry
As to make Bonfires at our Triumphs.

That

That hairy Star presages onely
The downfal of some Prince that
Weares long hair, mine is too short,
To have it portend my death.
Basilius. But further, The Earth has had
A violent fit of an Ague, and has
Been soundly shaken by an Earth-quake.
Andron. I'm glad my Mother Earth, sick of
The Collick, has so good a vent,
She is a woman, and therefore may
Be over timorous, and tremble
Without a cause:
Basil. Nay more, Saint *Paul* your
Tutelar Saint, was seen to weep.
Andron. Weeping does sometimes rather weare a badge
Of joy than sorrow: If this be all
Thou hast to tell us, Farewel, and say
We told you, Fortune when feared, is
A Tyrant, when scorn'd, a Coward. *Exit Andr.*
Basilius. I'me glad he is so lullaby'd with
Lap o'th' Mother of all danger, Security;
After I saw these sure fore-runners of
His fall, I play'd my cards so well, as
To addresse my self to *Angelus* (the true Heire
To th' Crown) and promise him what
Interest I had to make him Emperour,
He has escaped *Andronicus* his Scouts, sent out
To catch him, and has (I hope) ere this
Procur'd a Party to second and abet him
In his designs: look where he comes. *Enter Isaacius Angelus, &c.*

ACT. V. SCEN. 6.

Basilius, Isaacius Angelus, Citizens, Souldiers.

Angel. My loving Subjects (for so my Title to
The Crown encourages me to style you)
You have too long experienc'd the ills
Which Usurpation carries in its womb,
And hope you'l all assist me to make
Its birth Abortive for the Future;
You can't be strangers to
The tyranny of *Andronicus*, by having heard
Such shrieks and groans with which
Constantinople Ecchoe's, and seen your
Fellow Citizens run trembling, and pale
As death (they fear'd) about the streets,
All Shop-doors are shut up, and (as if
Each house were troubled with the Plague,
A (*Lord have Mercy on us*) may be writ
Upon the doors: the Temples of the gods
Are all lockt up, all sacred duties
Intermitted, and, to be short,
Constantinople is not to be found, except
The ruines of Saint *Sophie's* Temple
Direct us to it.

Basil. Wear then the Crown (Dread Sir) your self,
'Tis Heavens guift unto you.

Citizens. 'Twas nobly said, God save our Emperor
Isaacius Angelus.

Basil. 'Tis now no time for you to complement,
Be pleased therefore, without all further
Ceremony, to accept the Empire,
Your Subjects love speaks loud in
These their joyful Acclamations, which
Presage your future happinesse; and I

Wish

Wish from the bottom of my heart, that
Constantinus greatness, the goodness of
Jovianus, *Honorius's* success,
Valens' long life, the quiet death of
Manuel, and the immortal Fame
Of wise *Justinian* may meet and all
United be in you.

Angel. We thank *Basilius* for his prayers,
And shall endeavour to discern 'um;
You Souldiers go make a speedy and
Diligent search after *Andronicus*, and
Seize upon him, bringing him to
Our presence. ‖ ‖ *Exeunt Souldiers.*
And you our loving Subjects
Be in a readiness to assist us on
All occasions.

Omnes Citizens. We'l spend our lives for
Th' Interest of Royal *Angelus*
Our Emperour, whom *Jove* preserve;

Angel. Now I am so well guarded by my
Innocence and your affections
I'me proof against all danger;
There's no greater torment to a Prince
Then when he's fear'd by all, for then
He must himself fear many; 'tis love,
'Tis onely love, which does cement a
Prince into his Throne, and wind him
Into his Subjects ‖ favour. (‖ *Enter Souldiers guarding* Andronicus *fetter'd with chainns.*

Soul. May't please your Majesty,
This bold Usurper was taken by
Some of your Agents, whom we met as soon
As we had left your presence:
He thrice attempte to sail away, but
Thrice was beaten back by furious storms,
And Heavens reserv'd him as a sacrifice
For all his former Tyranny;

Angel. I give him over to your disposal.

(My

(My loving Subjects) Inflict what punishment you will Upon him.

1. *Sould.* Take this * thou cruel Tiger (*He strikes* Andronicus.
Ape of Religion, Envies Basilike:

1. *Citiz.* I'le make thee feel me || too. (|| *He pulls him by the beard.*
Thou that before fear'dst not
By thy impieties to pull *Jove* by the beard,
Shalt have a parallel affront.

2. *Sould.* Out thou Fowl Monster!
|| I'le make thy Face as black (|| *He flings dirt in his Face.*
As thy foul heart:

2. *Citiz.* I will torment thee || too. (*He tortures him with*
Andron. Heavens pity me unfortunate Usurper (*Pinchers*
That I am.

3. *Sould.* Let this give thee a passage
Unto || Hell. (*He stabs him, and he falls.*

Angel. The Tragedy is done, whereof
Andronicus, That first began to make it
Has spoke the Epilogue.

Exeunt Omnes.

Epilogue

Epilogue to the Spectators.

ANgelus *told you that, th' Uſurping Rogue,*
Andronicus *has ſpoke the Epilogue*
Of his own Tragedie; it now remains
That I to ſpeak another take the pains,
More ſuitable, then that, to Englands *Stage,*
And what has acted on it been, this Age:
Let Nevill, Lambert, Vane, *and all that crew*
To their Uſurping Power bid Adieu,
Thoſe Meteors muſt vaniſh, Charles *our Sun,*
Having in Englands *Zodiack begun*
His courſe, and that prodigious Comet's Tail
Which dar'd preſage that Monarchy ſhould fail,
And Kings ſhould never rule our Britiſh Nation
Muſt vaniſh (like a ſhortliv'd Exhalation:)
True Monarchy's ſupported by our play
Which we to it as lawful Tribute pay,
And hope all Loyal Subjects in the Nation
Will therefore deign it their kind approbation.

FINIS.

Epilogue to the Spectators.

AND as I dyon that, th' Usurping Rogue,
Andrew [illegible] the Epilogue
Of his own Tragedie; it now remains
That I to speak another take the pains,
More suitable, it ea that, to England's Stage,
And what has acted on it been, this Age:
Let Nevill, Lambert, Vane, and all that crew
To their Usurping Power bid Adieu,
Those Meteors must vanish, Quarter our Sun,
Having in Sinclair's Zodiack begun
His course, and that prodigious Comet's Tail
Which dar'd presage that Monarchy should fail,
And Kings should never rule our Brittish Nation
Must vanish (like a shortally'd Exhalation:)
True Monarchy's supported by our play
Which we to it as lawful Tribute pay,
And hope all Loyal Subjects in the Nation
Will therefore deign it their kind approbation.

FINIS.